THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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AUTUMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

Come out to where the stubble fields
  Lie brown beneath the autumn sun;
Out to the breezy mountain heights
  Where care is lost and health is won.
And if among the leafless trees
  We miss the bluebird and the linnet,
Each babbling brook that runs along,
  Will sing a song with music in it.

We'll see the nimble squirrel run
  Along the fences as we pass,
And hear the humble cricket sing,
  Contented in the withered grass;
For once we'll be as blythe as they,
  Forgetting pain, forgetting sorrow,
Enjoy the sunshine of to-day,
  And trust the future for to-morrow.

Come out! the sky is blue o'erhead
  As ever summer sky could be,
And like a gleam of silver lies
  The sunlight on the open sea!
And if among the leafless trees
  We miss the bluebird and the linnet,
Each babbling brook that runs along,
  Will sing a song with music in it.

CAPTAIN RALPH MONMOUTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ESSEX.

PART II.

We reached the homestead just at sunset. It was a large house built of irregular blocks of the native stone, and surrounded by a fine lawn and park. It stood half way up a hill, commanding a fine view of the valley below, now glorying in the gorgeous tints of Autumn, and laughing in the mellow light of the slanting rays.

On the broad piazza stood my uncle, a hale and handsome man of sixty; and by his side was a tall, well-built youth of two-and-twenty, with a noble, aristocratic face, and fair chestnut hair. My uncle advanced with his bright smile of welcome.

"Well, Ralph! how are you, my boy! Grown a little, I see. This is your cousin, George York."

I sprang up the steps, and with my heart beating tumultuously, shook hands with my new friend. I fancied even then that he bestowed a somewhat supercilious glance on my small and youthful figure.

"How do, Burt. Come, boys, I hope you will like each other, and have a glorious good time together. This is liberty hall, you know."

With this, Uncle Ralph brought us into the library, a great room lined with book cases, and well filled with comfortable lounges and chairs. He planted us before a cheerful wood fire, that was very pleasant in the cool September evening, and then said to me,

"Well, Ralph, George only arrived this afternoon; so to-morrow you can do all the honors of the place."

"Yes, sir!" I answered, simply. I was always diffident with strangers, and I felt more than usually overawed just now.

"I expected him sooner," continued my uncle, "but his mother could not spare him before. It seems since he left college he has been escorting her and his sister to all sorts of gay watering-places."

"You have just graduated at Yale," I ventured, feeling that I must say something, yet all the time half afraid of this man of the world.

"Yes; in July."

"Ah! how I envy you," I sighed. "I do wish papa would let me go to college."

"It's a shame he won't," said Uncle Ralph; "he seems determined to make a girl of you—always keeping you at home, tied to your mother's apron-strings." Then seeing me blush at this sarcasm, my uncle added, good-naturedly, "Never mind, Ralph, you'll be a man yet in spite of them. By the way, how comes on the beard?"

This question rather increased than diminished my confusion; for, to tell the truth, I had been for some time past, by Mr. Burt's connivance, shaving with great diligence in private, but had met with no better success than acquiring a few silky, black hairs on the upper lip; and at this question I was thrown into an agony of mortification, and felt an intense envy of the curling, yellow moustache that shaded my cousin's handsome mouth. Before I had framed any reply, my tutor interposed for my relief.

"Really, Mr. Monmouth, you forget how young he is—only seventeen. Why, sir, I myself had not much more beard than he has when I was twenty-one, of age, sir, and not a whisker to bless myself with!"

As usual, Mr. Burt had overshot the mark. My uncle smiled, rather incredulously, and said, with a shrug,

"Well, well! It's too bad to tease the boy—of course it will come in time."

"Never mind," added George, a little patronizingly; "there are lots of fellows at college, that have no more hair about the mouth than you have."

"You are all very hard on me," I said, recovering somewhat. "I don't know but your consolations are as bad as your questions. I don't like to be thus *bearded* to my face."

And amid the laugh which followed this little sally, we were summoned to supper. It was a very substantial one, and we all did full justice to its excellence. I sat next to George, and warmed by the fine words that flowed plenteously, the awkwardness of a first acquaintance wore off, and I began to feel quite at my ease with him. Afterwards, when we returned to the library and sat smoking around the comfortable fire, we held a tolerably uninterrupted conversation together. My cousin was full of college stories, to which I listened with eager delight; nor did the shade of condescension in his manner afford me as it might some interest. I regarded him from the first with an admiration I did not attempt to conceal, and I was impressed thus early in an intercourse with the feeling that he was the most perfectly congenial and attractive companion I had ever met. He was really a very intelligent, pleasant fellow, exceedingly manly, and the shade of hauteur in his manner accorded so well with his handsome, classic face, that it was easy to forgive him for it.

The next day George and I rambled all over the place, and although persistently accompanied by Mr. Burt, we enjoyed it very much. My tutor could be a very agreeable companion when he chose, and he exerted himself now to make us forget the restraint of his presence. He was inexhaustible in anecdotes and fun, and although I have no doubt carefully guiding the conversation, we at the time were quite unconscious of it. When we were tired of walking we devoted ourselves to divers masculine sports. To my great surprise I found myself in most of these my cousin's superior. We practiced at a mark, and my good shots outnumbered his two to one; my score at billiards was far better than his; and in fencing we were at least well matched. Even in the use of the gloves, I was scientifically his equal, though physically his inferior. George bore his defeats with great outward calmness; though I saw he was a good deal disappointed at being beaten by a boy so much his junior. At the same time his respect for me was considerably increased by the knowledge of my proficiency in these respects, and by the discovery made in the course of our conversation, that although I had not been at college, I had already studied nearly all the branches taught there. When evening came I was very glad to have him propose chess, a game at which I was not very skillful, and in which he easily came off victorious.

"Well, boys," said my uncle, as we drew near the fire after our last well contested match, "it's near twelve o'clock; what do you say to a night-cap and then to bed?"

"I'm agreed with all my heart," answered George.

"Shall I ring the bell?" asked I.

"Yes, you young scamp. I see you have not forgotten the old Monongahela."

A servant appeared in answer to the summons.

"John," said my uncle with great gravity. "You may bring—a waiter."

"Yes, sir."

"And some cups."

"Yes, sir."

"And some hot water."

"Yes, sir."

"And some sugar."

"Yes, sir."

"And a lemon."

"Yes, sir."

"And stop a moment, John, the Monongahela whiskey."

And having reached this sublime climax my uncle leaned back in his chair with a contented smile. In a few minutes the required articles arrived in the shape of an old-fashioned silver salver, four gold cups—part of a set which had belonged to my great-grandfather, an elegant sugar tureen, &c., and a square black bottle of inviting aspect. Uncle Ralph proceeded to concoct the punch, and when we were each supplied, said:

"Now, boys, drink to your sweethearts."

"Mine is only an ideal," responded George.

"And you, Ralph?"

"I haven't any but my sister Jessie."

How they all laughed at that answer. I blushed as usual, and was afflicted by the idea that I had said something very "green," but George encouraged me by saying:

"That's right, Ralph, she shall be mine, too, with your leave."

"You couldn't have a prettier one if you searched the county over," suggested my uncle.

"Ah! is that so, Ralph?" asked George with animation.

"Yes, indeed," I assented, "at least I think so."

"And I suppose that has spoilt you for the other girls, but come now, confess, you must have had some fancy by this time."

"What I!" I ejaculated in surprise. "No indeed, I think all the girls I have ever seen a very stupid set, except Jessie."

They laughed again, and Mr. Burt as usual interposed:

"She is the beauty of the county," he said. "You might guess as much if you looked at her brother."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed I, annoyed at the openness of the flattery.

"I don't know about that, Ralph," said George. "You're not a bad looking fellow." And somehow I was very much pleased with *this* compliment.

This day was a fair sample of many that followed. We rode and walked, and went hunting if it was fine weather, and read and talked and played indoor games if it stormed. I had never been so happy in my life. George was a most delightful companion, and I admired him more intensely every day. Indeed there was something about him that fascinated me irresistibly, although he sometimes made me very angry by his allusions to what he called my simplicity, and his frequent jokes at my expense. Yet over all our intercourse at this time there was the restraint of Mr. Burt's presence; his vigilance was untiring and unceasing, never relaxing from the moment I left my room in the morning till I returned to it at night, so that I was never for one moment entirely alone with my cousin, and this incessant surveillance grew after a time intolerable. I endured it with some patience while yet a comparative stranger to George, but as the time went on, and I felt an intense desire for some of those innocent confidences so natural to youths of the same age, it grew exceedingly irksome. I could see too, that George was annoyed by the polite persecutions of the bland tutor, though he had no opportunity to say so until one morning accident favored us with a moment's *tête-a-tête*.

We started off for a ride one bright autumn day, and contrary to his usual custom my uncle accompanied us—thus forcing one of us to fall back by his side whenever the road was too narrow for us to ride abreast. For some time Mr. Burt contrived that it should be always George who trotted beside my uncle, but at last coming round a corner into a narrow lane, my uncle called my tutor to him and very reluctantly he was obliged to obey the summons. As he turned back George heaved a portentous sigh of relief, and then looking at me with a significant smile, said:

"Come on!"

I was not slow in taking the hint, and in a moment we had put a considerable distance between us and my guardian.

"Ralph," said George, as we slacked up a little, "why do you let that dry-nurse run after you so as if you were a great baby?"

Something in the tone of the question, sensible as it was, annoyed me, and I answered rather shortly:

"Because I can't help it, and besides it's papa's orders that he is never to leave me."

"Why not, pray? Does he think you're not able to take care of yourself?"

Again I was provoked.

"Perhaps so, though I should like to be away once and show you if I'm not."

"Why don't you then? Are you afraid?"

This was more than I could bear.

"No indeed, George York," I cried fiercely. "I am not afraid of anything."

"Now, Ralph, don't get excited," said my cousin deprecatingly. "That man does wrong me so by his incessant, crafty watchfulness, that I feel like scolding you for putting up with it."

"I have no choice," I replied, sadly. "It is provoking enough to me, too, but I have become accustomed to it, for from my earliest recollection some one has always watched me."

"What!" exclaimed George, opening his eyes in astonishment, "do you mean you have never been alone? or been left to amuse yourself like other boys of your age."

"No, never. You think me green and childish about many things, it is because I have never had any freedom, though I long for it more than I can tell."

"Why that's too outrageously bad!" cried George. "I'll tell you what, Ralph, if this watching is a regular system we must contrive some way to evade it. What do you say to giving him the slip to-night and riding down to the village? We might go the Park House and have a game of ten pins. I don't suppose the alley there is as good as Uncle Ralph's, but it will be a jolly little lark any way."

"Splendid!" I replied with delight. "I will go certainly, but how can we contrive it?"

"Oh, leave that to me. I see your argus coming after us," he added as we turned into a broad road. "Be at the stables as soon after dawn as you can, and I'll have the horses ready."

"Agreed."

"What's agreed?" asked Mr. Burt eagerly, as he ranged alongside.

"Nothing, but that we are to have a famous match at billiards this afternoon," responded George, carelessly, and so our conference was at an end.

I was very much excited all day, in anticipation of my proposed excursion, but endeavored not to betray any unusual restlessness of manner, lest I should awaken my tutor's ready suspicions. As the time approached I grew more and more nervous, and it seemed to me as if the long evening never would be over. But at last the slow hours crept away, and at half past ten, George, notwithstanding the seductions of punch, plead fatigue, and bade good night, and, half an hour later, I, too, went off. Mr. Burt accompanied me, as usual, to my room. After he left me I heard him creep cautiously to George's door, and listen; the entire quiet, I suppose, made him think he was asleep, and after a moment he returned to the library. Once there, I relied upon the fascinations of the whiskey to keep him for the next thirty minutes. As soon as he was fairly gone, I gave a hasty glance into the hall to see if the coast was clear, and then darted down stairs. I held my breath as I stole across the entry, and gently opened the back door, but what was my horror, as the light from the hall fell into the piazza, to find myself face to face with my uncle.

"Hillos! Ralph! why, what's the matter? I thought you were in bed!"

I attempted to stammer an explanation, but before I could recover myself, George appeared at the foot of the steps, and cried, breathlessly,

"Ah! let him go, Uncle Ralph, don't keep him, or he'll be caught."

"What, what, what? be caught? So you're in some mischief, you young rascals."

"No harm," protested George, "we are only going for a ride to the village; he wants to give that confounded tutor the slip a while."

"Yes," pleaded I, "don't tell him, please, Uncle Ralph, we won't be gone long."

"I don't wonder you want to get away from him," said uncle, "he does keep you terribly close; but I don't know about your starting off at this time of night."

"Oh! that won't hurt!"

"And I'm so afraid he'll come out and catch me," urged I; "now do let me go."

"Well, well! Off with you," said the kind old gentleman. "I'll not betray you, provided you're not gone too long."

He did not wait for a second permission, but with hasty thanks ran down the steps and joined George. Then, as fast as possible, we hurried to the stables, where the horses were awaiting us, and scrambling on their backs, trotted them slowly on the grass till we were past the house, and then dashed off at a swift gallop. It was a lovely moonlight night, clear and cold; the country around us very still and beautiful in the pale radiance that lit up the deserted highway, and slept in the mysterious woods. We were wild with excitement, and as we flew over the ground we awoke the slumbering echoes with our shouts of laughter and song. There was something intensely exhilirating in the novel situation and the unrestricted companionship of my cousin, and every breath I drew seemed a fresh inspiration of liberty. The five miles to the village were travelled in less than half an hour, and as we drove up at the door of the little hotel it still lacked some time of midnight.

Then George took the lead, I following him, trying to look at home in a bar room, a place I had never before entered. He inquired for the alley, and finding it occupied, but soon to be vacated, ordered a mild supper to be sent to us to refresh us after our gallop. While we were awaiting this we beguiled the time with a preliminary "cock-tail," and cigars, so that I was a good deal exhilirated before we sat down to our beef steak and champagne. We did more than justice to the indifferent viands that were set before us, and made the walls ring with our noisy talk. Altogether we were as foolish as any two boys ever were under similar circumstances, and before we left the room I was by no means as clear headed as on our arrival. Just as we finished our second bottle of so-called champagne, the waiter came to say that the alley was at our service. I rose with rather an unsteady step, and we followed him out. We had to cross the yard to reach the building; the cool air refreshed me somewhat, and I remember I was startled by the sound of the village clock striking two, and had a vague idea that we ought to go home.

George was very much more accustomed to drinking than I; still, he evidently felt what he had taken, for his eyes were unnaturally bright, and there was a burning crimson spot on each cheek. We took our places at the two alleys, and began to bowl. I was so confused that my ball went wide of the mark, and rolled in the gutter. George laughed derisively as he sent the pins flying with a tolerably well directed blow. I struggled hard against the bewilderment which was stealing over me, and, straightening myself up, made another attempt, which was somewhat more successful than the first. George, whose whole capacity for teasing seemed aroused by the stimulants he had taken, made some jeering remarks. I retorted angrily, though all the while struggling desperately to retain my self-possession. It was very hard work, though; my blood ran through my veins like fire, my eyes were heavy, and my brain was dizzy. We went on for two or three more rounds, I rolling at random, and only by chance hitting the pins, George all the while laughing at me, till at last I made what I supposed to be a ten strike. Elated, I cried out—

"Double space!"

"No, it isn't," said George. "There are only eight down."

"Yes there are!" persisted I. "There are ten."

"Nonsense! Don't you see there are only eight fallen? the other two are as solid as rocks."

"You must be blind!" I shouted, "if you can't see they're all down."

"By Jove! Ralph, it's you that are blind, or rather you see double. Boy, how many are there down?"

"Eight, sir."

"There, I told you so," said George, exultantly. "Come, I think I had better take you home."

I was very much excited, and I was exceedingly angry at his supercilious tone.

"Take me home, indeed. You're tipsy yourself."

"I pity you if I am, Miss Nancy. Who'll be your nurse then?"

"Hold your tongue, George. Do you want to fight?"

I had put down my ball, and stood steadying myself by the rail that divided the alleys. I was flushed and provoked, but evidently George, who was by no means as calm as usual, did not regard my wrath as very alarming, for he answered, jeeringly,

"Come on, boys! who's afraid?"

My blood was up; all the pent up passion of my nature was roused, and, with an oath, the first I had ever uttered, I sprang upon him fiercely. He was much taller and larger than I, but I was mad with wine and rage, and fought furiously. For one brief instant there was a struggle; no doubt he would soon have got the better of me, but before he could recover from his surprise, or the frightened alley boy summon aid, his foot slipped on the smooth boards, and he fell heavily, his head striking violently against the sharp corner of the railing. The blood streamed out over his golden hair from a deep wound on the forehead, and my idolized cousin lay at my feet, white and lifeless.

PART III.

The sight of the pale face and bleeding form of my darling George, the thought it was I who had caused the possibly fatal injury sobered me in a moment, and I flung myself down beside him in an agony of contrition for my own act.

"Oh, my God, I have killed him!" I groaned. "George! George! speak to me," I entreated as I raised his head, then called to the stupefied alley-boy. "Run, run quickly for a doctor! Get some one to come here!" and once more to the inanimate form, "Oh, George, George, what have I done!"

The boy disappeared, and for some awful moments I was alone with my adored cousin, fainting, dying, as I thought, and by my hand. I bent distractedly over him, trying to stanch the blood with my handkerchief, and growing every moment more anxious, when to my inexpressible relief I heard rapid footsteps approaching.

"Well, sir, this is a pretty way to requite my kindness!"

It was my uncle's voice. I looked up startled, and there were Uncle Ralph and Mr. Burt regarding me eagerly. Without attempting an excuse I went on frantically:

"Oh, help me! help me! Can nothing be done? Have I really murdered him?"

"I hope not," said my uncle, stooping over him, and drawing back the fair hair from the ugly gash on the forehead. "He has only fainted, I don't think it will be much; there, there, Ralph, don't go on so."

"If he will only live to forgive me," I gasped, with great difficulty restraining my blinding tears.

At this moment the landlord and some waiters appeared, they raised George and carried him over to the house. I followed with my mind relieved by my uncle's assurances, but still overwhelmed with contrition. The air revived my cousin somewhat, and to my inexpressible delight a faint color began to come into his face, and he showed some signs of animation as they laid him on a sofa. The physician had already arrived, and while he washed and plastered the cut, George opened his eyes and looked up with a feeble groan.

"Ah, my head!"

"Oh, George!" cried I, throwing myself on my knees beside him. "Forgive me! forgive me!"

My uncle advanced impatiently.

"Don't be a fool, Ralph. Come away."

"No, no," said George, faintly. "Don't go, I remember now, it was all my fault. I shall be well soon."

How my heart filled with glowing affection at those words! I could not speak, but turning off to hide my weakness I sat down in a corner, and gave vent to a brief burst of weeping.

George was soon sufficiently recovered to be taken home in the carriage which had brought out my uncle and Mr. Burt. It seemed that after our departure Uncle Ralph repented his rash permission, and felt so anxious for our safety, that he would not go to bed, but when Mr. Burt left him, sat reading by the fire till the clock struck the half hour after twelve; then becoming alarmed at our prolonged absence, he resolved to rouse the tutor and go in search of us. At the first words of my uncle, Mr. Burt sprang up and came half dressed to the door, my uncle astonished at the unusual summons.

"I am sorry to disturb you, sir, but those boys are gone off, and I'm afraid they're in some trouble."

Mr. Burt turned very pale.

"Gone off, sir! What boys? Not Mr. Ralph? Good God! sir, how did it happen?"

He was so agitated that my uncle could scarcely control him, while he put on some clothes; he wanted to give chase at once and on foot. Finally yielding to reason he did consent to wait for the carriage, but Uncle Ralph afterwards told me that he never saw a man so com-

pletely wretched as he was from the time he discovered my flight till he had his eye on me again.

I sat beside George on the back seat of the coach supporting his head on my shoulder. For my sake he tried to suppress the groans which the jolting of the carriage wrung from him; but this effort on his part only deepened my anguish and remorse. My uncle and Mr. Burt tried to console me by saying he would soon be well; and George himself whispered it was but a trifle; but I could not be comforted. I realized now how inexpressibly dear he was to me, as I shielded him tenderly in my arms. I recorded a solemn vow in my heart, that henceforth throughout my life I would hesitate at no sacrifice that would increase his happiness, and sealed it by stooping where the shadows of the trees fell thickest, and with a wild thrill pressing my lips lightly to his forehead.

When we reached the homestead George was able to walk up stairs. I was greatly cheered by this, though intensely provoked that Mr. Burt would not let me accompany him to his room, but ordered me peremptorily to my bed. Tired as I was, I soon forgot all my sorrows in a deep sleep, which lasted till quite late the next morning; so that by the time I was again allowed to see George, he was up and not looking very badly—but devoting himself with considerable enthusiasm to a very tolerable breakfast.

"Well, old fellow, how are you?"

"Oh, George, are you really better?"

"Yes, almost well. Come, Ralph, don't look so down-hearted. We both behaved like a couple of fools last night. Let's forget it."

However, though George thus generously made light of the blow, it proved to be a pretty severe one; and for several days he was quite languid, suffering a good deal of pain in the head. At first Mr. Burt was exceedingly anxious to take me directly home, but my uncle would not hear to this—insisting that my visit should last at least as long as was originally intended. So I was permitted to remain and devote myself heart and soul to my cousin. I read to him, wrote letters for him, and waited on him most patiently and continually. Each day the love I felt for him grew more intense, till it became the one absorbing thought of my life. Yet I never guessed the full depth of its passion till too late! Looking back to those pleasant weeks now, they seem the happiest of my life—then he was wholly and entirely mine—then I had no rival in his heart—then I forgot for a little while the dark secret that haunted me, and even the hateful restrictions of my guarded life.

How reluctantly I counted each hour of the last few days! How jealously I watched his every motion on our last evening together! how sad I was on the morning of our departure! George, too, said that he was sorry to go—but I saw plainly that he felt far less than I. He was so full of anticipations of his gay life in the city, that he had no time for regret. Even when I bade him good-bye, he looked after me with a bright smile, while I could scarcely restrain my tears.

For a long time after my return to my home I was restless and low spirited. I missed my recent companion more even than I had fancied I should. I found myself constantly falling into long reveries of which he was the theme; and my only consolation was in dreaming of the time when we should meet again. I talked constantly of my hero to my sister Jessie, who always heard me with interest; and it was her entreaties joined to mine, that induced my father to consent to my sending George an invitation to spend Christmas with us. I had already written him one or two letters—to which I had received but brief and tardy replies; but the one containing my urgent request to him to come to us at the holidays, elicited a speedy and cordial answer in the affirmative. This threw me into a state of wild delight, and the remaining weeks were passed in blissful anticipation of the coming reunion.

On the dull December afternoon that at last brought my cousin to us, Jessie and I sat together—she nearly as nervous as I at thought of meeting her unknown relative—and when at last the carriage drove up, we both ran down to the gate to receive our welcome guest. George jumped out, looking very smiling and handsome, but somehow although he greeted me very cordially, I had a dull sense that there was something lacking, that in short he was not nearly so glad to see me as I was to see him. Even while he spoke to me, I could see that his glances were all directed to Jessie. She certainly did look very pretty as she stood there, her sweet face glowing with pleasure, her clustering black curls tossed back, and her eyes sparkling with health and animation. But still she was only a new acquaintance, while I was an old friend. However, George seemed determined to establish as much intimacy with her as possible—for he began calling her "Cousin Jessie" at once, and they walked back to the house laughing as if they had always known each other. It was quite evident she would share my admiration for my fascinating cousin; for the moment George went up to his room, and we were alone, she exclaimed—

"Oh, Ralph! how handsome he is!"

"I always told you he was."

"Yes, but I had no idea he was so splendid! What glorious eyes!"

This first favorable impression appeared to be entirely mutual. The whole of that evening George devoted himself to Jessie so entirely that I had no opportunity to talk with him until she had disappeared for the night. Then, however, he chatted with me with his old, kind familiarity, and for the time I was satisfied.

The next day I supposed, of course, that I should have George entirely to myself, but in this I was again doomed to grievous disappointment. He was at Jessie's service for a walk, or a ride, or a drive, anything that would keep him beside her, and I could only obtain possession of him when she was out of the way. This was a state of affairs of which I had never dreamed. I tried hard to struggle against my bitter feelings at his evident preference for her. I was resolute not to be jealous of my sister, yet I could not help it. I was grievously pained at his forgetfulness of me, whom he had come to visit, and it was almost worse than not seeing him at all this having him come there to devote himself to Jessie and neglect me. During the Christmas festivities I tried to forgive him, since it was then etiquette for each young man to escort some lady, and even I, despite my profound indifference to the whole female sex, was paired off with a doll-faced miss of the neighborhood; but when all that excitement was over, it was too bad for Jessie still to monopolize him.

Indeed, it was very difficult for me to bear his open admiration of another. He was always hanging over Jessie's chair, or riding, walking, and driving with her, entirely oblivious of me, and I loved him so much! We had sworn such changeless affection to each other! And yet here he was forsaking me for the first pretty girl he met. I grew more and more wretched and forlorn every day. For worlds I would not have interfered with their happiness, yet it made me feel utterly lonely and miserable to see how completely I was forgotten.

The days went on, and still he lingered. My father and mother were evidently well pleased at his attentions to Jessie. He was quite well off, just starting in a good business, highly connected, and in all respects a desirable match. So they urged him to stay, and I had to listen to their stupid jokes about "love at first sight," and other nonsense, which it must be confessed George and Jessie seemed to like very well. I grew more and more unhappy; my cousin left me almost entirely alone, and I wandered about with Mr. Burt restless and low-spirited, though with my heart always full of untiring affection for my faithless friend. Sometimes I hoped that this was but a passing caprice, and that when it was over George would return to me for sympathy. Then again, I would look at the scar that still marred his sunny temple, and renew my vow that under all circumstances his happiness should be my first thought.

Even lover's visits must have an end, and at last the time for his departure arrived. On the evening before he left, I was walking up and down in the garden, smoking,—for I had lately indulged in this, my only vice, to an excessive degree, finding in its soothing influence a sort of consolation,—while Mr. Burt sat on the piazza watching me, when George joined me.

"Well, Ralph, my time is almost up."

"Yes," answered I, forgetting for the moment my trouble at the kindness of his tones. "I am so sorry you have to leave."

"It's very hard, my dear fellow; but you'll write to me often, won't you? I shall want so much to hear about you, and—and—Jessie."

This is all, thought I, sadly; he does not care to hear of me, only of Jessie!

"Why, what is the matter, Ralph? You don't answer. I hope you've no objections to my being a brother of yours, for, by Jove! I mean to be if I can!"

"Do you love her?" I asked hoarsely.

"Love her? Indeed I do, with all my heart."

"But you have known her such a short time."

"That's just what she says; but I'll prove to her that a long time will make no difference. I shall love her all my life, please God!"

He added the last words reverently, taking off his hat as he spoke. Then I no longer doubted; the full force of the blow fell, and I felt to my inmost heart that he loved her as he would never love me.

I will not linger on the hours of suffering that followed, I struggled hard against this unnatural, this terrible jealousy. I tried to remind myself that some day he would probably have sought a wife—seeing all my sex, but myself, seemed to be swayed by this incomprehensible passion of love—and better my sister than some stranger who would separate us; but it was of little avail. I was utterly miserable. My life from that moment seeming wholly without hope.

The next morning after breakfast the carriage came to convey George away, all the family went out on the porch to bid him good-by except Jessie, she lingered in the parlor. Seeing this he ran in there for a farewell. It was brief, but when he came out again there was a glow on his cheeks, and a shade of moisture in his eyes. He hastily shook hands with the rest of us, quite indifferently, as I thought, with an added pang, and drove away, still looking back towards the parlor windows.

So he was gone! Jessie looked pale for several days, and then there came a letter for her that brought back the roses to her cheeks. As for me, after a period of listless despair, I roused myself with fixed resolution, and hunted and rode and studied with desperate perseverance, determining to drown thought. It seemed to me as if the romance of my life was over, I resolved to indulge in no more dreams of friendship, but to go steadily on with my duties. I succeeded only tolerably, for I carried an aching heart that rendered all application a weariness and a toil.

No thought of attempting to thwart my cousin's affection ever crossed my mind. I had sworn to do all I could to make George happy, and I resolved to fulfill the promise at no matter what cost to myself. Moved by this remembrance I even brought myself to write to him, to deliver messages from Jessie, who was not herself yet allowed to correspond directly with him, and to exhibit no disappointment that all his answers were to her. Thus the weary months of winter passed away, spring arrived, and once more George was to come to us. This time, after a short visit at our house, he was to go with me for the semi-annual visit to my uncle. This prospect once more gave me a hope of at least a brief period of happiness, and gladly as Jessie welcomed back her lover, I believe my heart beat with even more intense delight. It is said that, "the love of comrades passeth the love of woman," and was not mine more than both?

Yet my brief pleasure was almost wholly clouded by the almost indifference he betrayed to me, and his entire and undisguised devotion to Jessie. I hardly knew how I lived through that time of trial; I was consoled only by the thought that very soon he would be alone with me, and that he must pass some of his time with me, and one other reflection that he was happy.

It was soon evident that affairs between the young people were drawing to a climax, and I endeavored to be prepared for the announcement that soon came. One afternoon I sat in the pleasant study smoking as usual, and reading or rather pretending to read, for the contents of the book made very little impression on my wandering thoughts, when the door opened, and Jessie's pretty head appeared.

"Ralph, may I come in? I want to speak to you."

"Certainly, dear, what is it?"

Mr. Burt, who had been writing at the table, rose and left the room, and Jessie glided into the chair beside me. Yet now that we were alone she seemed to find some difficulty in opening the conversation, for she began:

"You look pale, Ralph; are you not well?"

"Of course I am. I am always well."

"Then you smoke too much. You really look miserably."

"Do I?" replied I, with an attempt at a laugh. "And is that all you're come here for? to abuse my looks, and lecture me for smoking too much?"

"Oh, no!" she cried with a blush. "Oh, Ralph, I really have something very important to tell you, I am, that is, we are—"

"Well, go on!"

"I am engaged to George." She half whispered the words, and leaning forward hid her blushing and tearful face on my shoulder.

I stooped down and kissed her, yet although I had expected this it was a shock even now, and at first I could not speak. After a moment Jessie looked up pleadingly.

"What is the matter? You are not vexed, are you, Ralph?"

"No indeed, Jessie! I hope you will make him happy, for upon my life I believe I love him as well as you do!"

So it was settled, they were engaged, and would probably be married in the fall, and this was the prospect to which I must become reconciled. Why did I rebel so fiercely against it? I watched the lovers with a wretched, wandering curiosity, marvelling at George's devotion to Jessie, and feeling sure that no woman would ever hold me in such chains, trying to find some cause for contempt in his enslavement, and after all yearning vainly for his affection.

It was entirely impossible for me to fix myself to any regular pursuit, until this feverish excitement was past, and indeed I scarcely attempted it. I took a holiday from my books and spent my time in aimless wanderings or idle musings. In all this Mr. Burt humored me, he must have noticed my depression, but he never remarked upon it or opposed my wishes in any way. It was at this time that reflecting on the forlornness of my state, I began to think much of that never-forgotten mystery which surrounded me. Why was my life so miserable? Why was I apparently a creature so apart from the rest of mankind? finding no amusement in the love of the opposite sex, no consolation in the friendship of my own. What was the hidden cause of my isolation and unhappiness? In these fruitless conjectures, and vain strugglings with my miserable jealousy, the slow days crept away, and the time for our departure for the homestead drew near.

One evening we were all sitting together in the parlor. George and Jessie on the sofa, father, mother, Mr. Burt, and myself, around the centre table. I was pretending to read, but my eyes constantly wandered away from my book, to the handsome figure near me, bending down so tenderly to catch Jessie's lightest word, that his golden hair fairly touched her glossy curls. On a sudden, there came a most unusually loud ringing at the bell. There was something so peremptory in the summons, that it startled us all, and my father himself rose and went to the door. We heard it open, then a brief colloquy in the hall, in a tone that filled us with vague apprehension, and after a moment my father came in looking pale and agitated, and followed by Robert, my Uncle Ralph's favorite servant.

"What is the matter?" cried my mother, starting up.

"Very alarming news, Mary," replied my father, "from the homestead."

"Your brother, is he ill?"

"Dangerously so, I fear; he has had a stroke of paralysis."

My heart stood still with horror at this awful announcement. "Oh, father," I exclaimed; "but this attack may pass off?"

"I fear not. Robert says he is very low."

"Oh! my dear, kind Uncle Ralph!" and with that cry of distress I flung myself down on the sofa in an agony of grief, from which I was only roused by being reminded that if I would see him again alive, I must start at once for the homestead.

At this suggestion I rallied sufficiently to assist somewhat in the hasty preparations for my departure, and half an hour later, my father, cousin, Mr. Burt, and myself, were on board the midnight train, dashing through the darkness to a death-bed. I cannot attempt to describe my agony of mind during that awful journey. My affectionate uncle, my more than father, my best friend on earth, was suffering, dying, and by the time we stood within his noble old hall, my trembling anxiety was such that I could not frame the question I longed yet dreaded to ask.

Yes, he was alive, but that was all.

We went at once to his room. I was greatly shocked at the terrible change that had already come over him. He had fallen at once from a hearty, middle-aged gentleman, to a wrinkled and shriveled old man. Still it is a great comfort to me to think that I was with him, for although he lay for many hours unconscious, just before his death he revived for a moment, and his last smile was for me.

When it was all over, I gave way to my uncontrollable sorrow. I had loved my uncle better than any other being except George; more than father, or mother, or sister, and now he was gone, this dear friend who had always been so indulgent and so affectionate. In that dark hour my cousin was very kind, and on his shoulder I finally sobbed myself to sleep. But I will not dwell on my grief; my story grows too long already. I will hasten over these final details.

The day after the funeral, the lawyers opened the will. My uncle left a handsome legacy to my father, a small one to each of my sisters, and to George York. Some annuities to faithful servants, and:

"My present residence, known as The Homestead, together with the whole rest, residue and remainder of my estate, real and personal, wheresoever it may be found, to my beloved nephew, Ralph Monmouth."

I was worth half a million of dollars.

Mr. Burt and the lawyers came up to congratulate me. *Congratulate* me, who had lost one dearer than a parent, on the acquisition of this useless wealth! I indignantly repelled their mocking words, and the sorrow I had for a moment restrained, broke forth afresh.

And now I approach a period which I know not how to describe. My heart beats and my blood boils as I think of the secret that has blasted my life, and I feel how utterly inadequate is any language to describe my unprecedented sorrow, my nameless humiliation.

When I was sufficiently calm to think, I began to feel very much the importance of my situation. I was wholly independent now; this house was my own, to fill it as I chose. This was surely the proper time for me to assert my freedom, to rid myself of my tutor, and to force from my father an acknowledgment of what was the mystery that shrouded me. I fully resolved to take the first appropriate opportunity for making known my resolutions, though I shrank with the timidity of a life-time of trained obedience from braving my father's displeasure. Thus waiting, I was struck with something very peculiar in his manner; he seemed restless and uneasy after looking anxiously at me, and appearing like myself to wish to say something which he desired yet dreaded to utter. We were walking up and down on the piazza, one day after dinner, smoking silently, when Mr. Burt and George having disappeared, my father stepped to my side, and said,

"Ralph, I think some of us should go home to-morrow."

"Very well, sir, just as you think best."

"Of course, now that this is to be your home, some new arrangements must be made for your household."

"I suppose so, sir," replied I, and then feeling that now was the time to speak, I went on hastily: "There is one thing I hope you will not object to. Mr. Burt's constant supervision has been very irksome to me for a long time past. I think that now I am old enough to be relieved from it."

My father paused in his walk and regarded me with a troubled look.

"That depends upon yourself, Ralph."

Not understanding him, I replied—

"I assure you, sir, I consider myself quite competent to take care of myself."

"Not yet, Ralph," said my father, in a tone that riveted my attention. "Not yet."

I watched him without speaking—he changed color perceptibly, and then asked, abruptly,

"Do you think you can bear to be intrusted with a very great and extraordinary secret?"

I turned pale—I felt even then a presentiment of something terrible—but ah! not half so terrible as the reality. But I answered faintly—

"Yes, sir, I can. For a long time past, I have been aware that there was some strange mystery about me. I think I can bear anything better than the endless conjecture with which I have tormented myself."

"I am glad that you are somewhat prepared," said my father, "for I had intended to tell you soon, and I feared the shock would be too great. This is no place for any private conversation," he went on, hurriedly; "I will call your mother, and we will go up stairs."

He turned away with an unsteady step, his face working with agitation. I waited for a moment—my head swimming and my heart beating so suffocatingly that I seemed as one in some horrible fever dream; then my mother came in answer to my father's summons. She, too, looked pale and distressed, and in a silence that grew each instant more intollerable, we went slowly up stairs to my uncle's study.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BELLA Z. SPENCER, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV'R 11, 1865.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined. "Good Night;" "Too Hasty;" "All in Good Time;" "Be Patient;" "Isabel;" "I Love Her Yet;" "Parted;" "In Peace;" "Ora Livingston;" "Autumn Flowers;" "Withered;" "Come To Me."

A NEW STORY

BY

EMERSON BENNETT

We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers that we have made an engagement with that well-known and very popular author, EMERSON BENNETT, to write, after the expiration of a short period, *exclusively for the Saturday Evening Post.*

Mr. Bennett designs commencing with the first paper of the new year, a story which will run through from about twelve to fifteen numbers of THE POST. It will be called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST;

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

Our readers may look for a story of wild adventure and thrilling interest; but the public is so well acquainted with the peculiar merits of Mr. Bennett as a writer of fiction, that the simple announcement of a story from him is probably all that is necessary.

KEEPING HALLOWEEN.

Did you ever keep Halloween, my little friends? If you did not, then you don't know what rare fun there is in it. Let me tell you about a splendid Halloween which I kept on the thirty-first of October, with the dear "little people" at a friend's house this year.

Pretty soon after tea, I found myself surrounded by a bevy of dancing-eyed darlings, in the dining-room, on the floor of which was spread a piece of crash to preserve the carpet. Upon this crash a tub was placed, nearly full of clear water; and floating in the liquid element were a lot of red-cheeked apples to begin the sport with. The opening ceremony was to be "bobbing for apples"—that is getting an apple out of the water with our teeth. You may imagine that this is rather a difficult operation; but when one gets into the way of it there is grand fun. Each one was allowed three trials, and if they were unsuccessful there was no apple for that unlucky "bobber."

O, what fun we had getting those apples! How they danced round in the water, defying the fresh, eager, rosy lips that chased them! Amid a perfect shout of laughter, down would go a little chubby face, and up it would come again soon, dripping like Undine, with sparkling drops of water—puffing and gasping with the merry struggle for victory. Nearly all were successful in the end, and then the tub was removed, and the crash laid between the folding doors, across which was stretched a rope, and tied to that a good sized paper bag, full of candy.

Beginning with the youngest, each child was now blindfolded, and armed with a stick, placed directly opposite the bag. On a given signal the little one would march forward and aim a blow at the sweets, while the eager spectators looked on with intense anticipation. Of course a failure produced great merriment; and this happened to all more than once—even the oldest ones, who took a part in the amusements.

At length, after each had made two trials, it came to my turn a second time, and I was lucky enough to strike the bag. Down came the delicious shower, and by the time I had got the handkerchief from my eyes, every one was upon the floor, shouting and laughing in the scramble to see who could get the largest quantity. I felt just then about as I imagine dear old "Goody Two Shoes" must have felt when she had made little ones happy, though I had really done nothing except to break a candy bag which other hands had filled for them. It is always pleasant to have even a little share in making children happy.

After the candy had been gathered up, and the scramblers had breathed a little, came fortune-telling. Upon a table was placed three dishes, one empty, one containing clear water, one muddy water. The little Miss who dared to tempt dame Fortune for information as to her future, was then placed near the table and told to close her eyes, while some one changed the position of the dishes. She was then led forward, turned round three times, and told to place her hand in one of them. If in the empty dish her hand strayed, she was to get no husband. If in the clear water, a young man; if in the muddy, a widower. Three trials to this, also, were allowed, and the same thing twice out of the three trials, was the assurance that she would be either an old maid, or the wife of a young man, or of a widower.

Fortune-telling over, we had nuts and raisins, and jokes—of course. Nuts and jokes should always be cracked together. Then came a rousing game of blind-man's-buff to close the evening; and you should have heard the merry ripples of laughter, seen the sparkling eyes, parted lips, and glowing cheeks, as the fairies flitted about, chased by the "blind man."

When we were all tired out there were leave-takings, sweet kisses, and good-nights! followed by happy slumber and a sunny morning which ushered in "All Saints' Day."

BELLA Z. SPENCER.

OLD MAIDS.

How unjust, how cruel and heartless is the world toward the old maid! Receiving with favor the bachelor, it reviles the spinster, as though upon her forlorn self, culminated all the miseries of single cursedness. Yet in the heart of every old unmarried woman, lies a deep, unspoken tragedy. What trials, what afflictions, what sorrows have not schooled that now quiet heart!

What sublime, unknown, uncomprehended self-sacrifices have been needed in the past to produce the silent resignation of the present, who shall venture to say? Within such a heart there is buried a tragedy of fate, full of endless melancholy and renunciation; full of tranquil pains and inaudible plaints; full of deceived, disappointed, derided, and, what is worse, of never comprehended longings.

How many who have taken upon themselves the burden of a household, standing in the pass and warding off care and danger from those committed to their trust, toiling, striving, educating little brothers and dear young sisters, thinking not of themselves, but laying all upon the altar of duty, or perchance soothing the age of a cherished parent, going in and out for years, the heart throb stifled, the hopes she had cherished blighted, withered, dead, of whom the world knows not. But her life is known of the angels; her name is spoken tenderly of them. Inasmuch as she has given so shall she receive; self-sacrifice and abnegation crowned at last for a life lost below, a crown gained above; for years of solitude an eternity of unending bliss. Old maids! may the blessing of God and little children be upon them!

SUDDEN DEATH.

We regret to record the death on Sunday, the 29th ultimo, of J. Barclay Harding, editor of the *Evening Telegraph* and Collector of Internal Revenue for the First District of Pennsylvania. He died suddenly of congestion of the brain. His death was entirely unexpected, as he was quite well until Saturday morning, when he complained of feeling unwell. No thoughts were entertained, however, of his death. In the conduct of the *Telegraph* he has manifested great energy, and the paper has been very successful.

NATIONAL COMMERCIAL COLLEGE LECTURES.—A course of sixteen lectures is to be delivered at the College Hall in the Assembly Building. The first was delivered by John A. Owens, Esq., on "The Art of Rising in Life," on Thursday last.

NEW MUSIC.

"I AM DYING, EGYPT, DYING!" Words by W. H. LYTLE. Music by C. L. WARD. Published by D. P. Faulds, Louisville, Ky.

"FOREST ROSE MARCH." For the piano, by C. KINKEL. Published by D. P. Faulds.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"SUMMER SONGS." By H. H. M. Published by Ashmead & Evans, Philadelphia. A pretty little volume, with poems a good deal above the average order. There are some quaint, wild fancies, and some strong in passionate bursts of feeling. For the higher order of poetic beauty we look in vain; yet these "Summer Songs" will give pleasure to the not too fastidious reader.

"IRVINGTON STORIES." By M. E. DODGE. Illustrated by F. O. C. Darley. Published by James O'Kane, New York.

"PAUL PRESCOTT'S CHARGE." A story for boys. By HORATIO ALGER, JR. Loring, publisher, Boston.

"BOYS AT CHEQUASSET; or, A LITTLE LEAVEN." By the author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood." Loring, publisher, Boston.

"COUNTESS KATE." By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." Published by A. K. Loring.

"THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN IN GREEN." A Fairy tale. By UNA SAVIN. Loring, publisher.

PURE AIR.—"The very first canon of nursing, the first and last thing upon which a nurse's attention must be fixed, the first essential to a patient, without which all the rest you can do for him is as nothing, with which I had almost said you may leave all the rest alone, is this: To keep the air he breathes as pure as the external air, without chilling him. Yet what is so little attended to? Even where it is thought of at all, the most extraordinary misconceptions reign about it."—*Florence Nightingale.*

☞ A marble cross has been placed about eight feet from the spot where Mrs. Arbuthnot was struck dead by lightning while ascending the Schilthorn, in Switzerland, while on her bridal tour. The cross is about three hours' walk from Murren, and is seen by the tourist about half an hour before it is reached.

The Fair.

One day this week I walked out of the sunlight of a glorious afternoon into the shadowy twilight of the vestibules of the Academy of Music. Just beyond, as I entered, I could see the glimmer of glittering brilliance, and I bethought me, a little while ago, beneath the radiance of that same sparkling chandelier, which is now scattering its light broadcast on all beneath it, I had seen the Keans enact their great roles, and being excessively Young American, and much wiser in my day and generation than my grandfathers and mothers,—having improved upon their improvements—I did not like them. I would rather see Mrs. Bowers, with her bright, sparkling face and manner, and Barton Hill, with his mellow, sympathetic voice, manly form, and intense realization of his character, for a single night, than listen a whole week of nights to the impersonations of the once beautiful Ellen Tree and Charles Kean, so long the delight of our progenitors.

But while I am *mourning* over these things, the seeming brilliancy has become a reality, and in a moment I am in a deluge of light, amidst a babel of confused sounds. A voice in my ear, and a detaining hand, as I pause at the flower-stand, which arrests one at the very entrance, (upon the spot where usually lorgnettes and opera books are temptations enough,) guides me up the broad stairway, with the words, "See it first as a spectator from the galleries, the effect is much finer, the illusion greater."

Then in an instant I am in Rome, and it is Carnival week, (Carne-Vale! what a lovely word! Adieu to the world, the flesh, and the devil!) The Pope has forbidden masks, and every gaily dressed figure is known, so there will be fewer antics played, and more decorum. We take our places in a central balcony, and look down into the square, nay, not a square, for it is Hogarth's line of beauty, a curve—a park then—lined with booths, and crowded with merry sight-seers and pleasure-seekers. And upon every side of the vast arena are balconies, hung with crimson curtains, cushioned with velvet, and carpeted luxuriantly, from which are flung out flags and gaily emblazoned cloths. Crowds of people fill these balconies, watching eagerly the scenes below. Merry-faced girls carrying comfits and bouquets, bon-bons and perfumes, go with dancing feet through every avenue. Many a lovely face greeted the sight; arch, laughing, wicked eyes peeping from beneath the same quaint hair arrangement, which once added new charms to the beauty with which Diana of Poictiers won the love of a truant king.

Melpomene and Euterpe have vacated their places, and given their domains into the hands of the Graces, and they, these fairest of sisters, presiding over all, *in nubibus*, have chosen as their representatives, among mortals, a whole garden of girls—blushing moss-rosebuds of lassies, shy, blue-eyed demoiselles, as sweet as violets, and stately, lily-like ladies. And it is the Corso, and I am standing in the Piazza del Popolo, and this decorated arena reaches to the Piazza di Venezia, and all goes merry as a marriage bell.

Will they close this carnival in true Italian fashion with the ceremony of *el moccoletti*, or light-carrying. I wonder? I shall not be here to see; for I must mount a swifter and stronger steed than even the winged Pegasus, and live one week amid the autumnal beauties of the mountain lands. Oh, halcyon days! dear valleys and mountains! world-known Wyoming, and the mighty, unknown Wilderness, keep your crimson and golden dyes until I shall have seen you!

There is a Latin proverb which sayeth, *inest sua gratia*, (trifles have their own peculiar charm.) This is nowhere more striking than at a Fair. When I descended to the floor, and made my way, by dint of much exertion and patience, to the tables, and examined more nearly the various objects which from the galleries had kaleidoscope-like, or after the manner of dissolving views, melted and blended into mere groupings of splendid colors and hues, I felt that each had its own peculiar charm. Many of the articles are simply trifles, yet nearly all are charming. From India shawls worth hundreds of dollars, there is a gradual descent, through the usual array of Afghans, (that magnificent one, by the way, a piece of German work: "Christ receiving the tribute money from St. Peter," which was at the Sanitary Fair, among them. What possible use can be made of this is beyond my comprehension; no one would think of using it to wrap themselves up in, either in a carriage or on a sofa, and it is too large to serve as a decoration in any house of less size than Castle Point, at Hoboken, or some of the Newport palaces.) Afghans, infant-baskets, tidys, sofa-cushions, elegant toilet-cushions, down even to iron-holders, through all the gradations of beautiful and serviceable articles, lay in heaps upon the tables.

Among the very many articles worthy of especial notice is the Japanese Cabinet, presented by Com. C. R. Stribling. It is said to be the most curious piece of workmanship ever brought from Japan to this country; the decorations are of the most elaborate kind; chief among them, of course, the Ibis, the sacred bird of all Eastern nations. Any one who finds pleasure in the science of Conchology, will be much interested in the very fine collection of shells, gathered by Com. Stribling, from all parts of the world, and presented by him to the Fair.

Many very valuable contributions have been presented especially, because the brave tars, who have made our name a glory upon every sea, are to be benefitted by the work.

The Bishop of Honolulu, in his recent visit, has succeeded in interesting every one who listened to him in all that concerns the Sandwich Islands; therefore, a quilt made from mulberry leaves, in one of the islands, is an object of especial interest. It has the appearance of being made of a great many layers of pink blotting paper—and though it looks cool, is as warm as toast, as a properly conducted quilt is in duty bound to be.

There is a fine, although not very large display, of silver-ware. The same may be said of the horticultural array, which is more useful than ornamental—being better supplied with canned fruits than with fresh flowers; a good fault, perhaps, since beauty lasts but for a day.

Under a glass case, upon a pedestal, is a silver vase, lined with gold; placarded as follows—This silver vase will be presented by Bally & Co., to the lady who sells the greatest number of tickets for their special exhibition at the Academy of Fine Arts for the benefit of the Soldiers' Home. Young ladies, there's a chance. Try, one all!

The things that really tempt me most, are the skeleton leaves, phantom bouquets, spirit flowers, the ghosts of flowers. Among the most beautiful of these, is a vase presented by a Quaker lady, seventy years of age; and had I eighty dollars to give to so good a cause, this dear old lady's gift should have it all. Some of the wax crosses, wreathed with flowers, are particularly pure and beautiful; and the wax flowers are charming; sometimes a single lily, bending its proud head, or a branch of lilies of the valley lying upon their own dark leaf, a moss rose-bud, a half-opened tea rose, or a tiny cluster of purple violets, in the loveliest vases, Etruscan shaped or goblet like Roman patterns.

The Jacquard loom is as busy with its shuttles and spools, as it was at the "Great Fair," putting in threads of a gossamer-like texture one side, at the other appear ribbons of the most various and variegated patterns. I watched it work, and I could but wonder at the march of improvement, the marvels of the age, the great and wicked age in which we live. In 1812, Miss Berry (the great Miss Berry,) the dear friend of half the great historical characters of her day, (and what a long day it was!) writes in her journal—while at Strawberry Hill, (once Horace Walpole's house,) "I went into one of the cottages to see a man weave ribbons. He told me he could make ten yards a day, of the width we call sixpence." Think of it ye people of the nineteenth century, and then go and watch the Jacquard loom at work.

In the Foyer the "Restaurant Department" has a most spacious and well-arranged room, in every way adapted to the purposes of refreshing the inner man. That the devotees of Themis and Comus appreciate the viands provided, is evident from the well-filled, no, well surrounded, tables with which the room is supplied. I can only recommend their panned oysters and coffee, although doubtlessly all else is equally good.

The band which performs every evening, adds very much to the entertainment; it is pleasant to sit with so much brightness about and beneath one, and

"Let sweet music steal into our ears."

For then, memory, with its magical pinions, flies backward, and before us, float Colson and Adelaide Phillips, Kellogg, and poor, pretty Hinckley, with Brignoli, by turn the adoring lover of each. Eheu fugaces "the days that are no more."

In the Book Department, besides a great variety of every-day literature, handsomely gotten up as "fairlings" should always be, there are a large number of most beautifully bound Bibles and Prayer books. Of the "Knapsack," the daily paper, published by the Fair, I can say no word of praise, therefore I hold my peace, (I am rather sore over "Fair papers," being minus $10, for our "Daily Fare" which, in lieu of papers that were *non est* I was obliged to make good to my list of subscribers! a dreadful thing for a poor "young woman," although Mr. Childs will not realize it, put it to him, as I will, and as I have, by-the-way.)

The Fair-proper deserves the greatest praise, but—(one must always find some fault, a flaw to pick a hole in,) the Art Gallery is a failure; I cannot imagine a greater mistake than to charge an extra 25 cts. for that department; a mistake in every way! for those who cannot afford, or do not choose to pay the additional sum, feel aggrieved, as if some injustice had been practised upon them, and most assuredly this is doubly felt by those who do pay the entrance fee; that I am not wrong is proven by the very poor attendance in the Gallery.

The room is a small, poked-up place, shockingly ventilated, and terribly warm. Almost all the pictures are old ones, (none the worse for that, if they were really very fine works of art.) And the few really good ones are so ill hung, that it is a great annoyance. Buchanan Read's "Undine," which is lovely by itself, and in a proper light, is perched up in an upper corner in the worst possible position.

A picture of "Christ in the Garden," and a copy of a Magdalene, are the largest paintings, both unpleasant pictures, especially the last. A woman too large for her surroundings, and much too buxom for the ideal of the frail, golden-haired, repentant Mary of Bethany, is flung down in a very uncomfortable position in a very ordinary landscape, in a very blue dress (not the landscape, let me explain, but the aforesaid lady.)

But there is one thing so lovely, that were it in a room by itself, and the extra charge for it alone, it ought to be satisfaction enough. The statue of the Agnus Dei, which Miss Stevens, of New Jersey, has again presented to the soldiers of the land. She gave it to the "Sanitary Fair," and having bought it back herself, (for $1,400, I believe,) now, like a good angel, lays it once more an offering upon the shrine of a noble cause.

Here will I end my quest, because, to use the candid and honest expression constantly recurring in the extant letters of Michel Angelo—"Nothing further occurs to me to say at this time," "I have no more to write."

MARGARET.

Working and Thinking.

Says Ruskin, "It is a no less fatal error to despise labor when regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always in these days trying to separate the two; we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working; and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying, the other despising his brother; and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the professions should be made liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment, and more in excellence of achievement."

☞ It is an ancient conundrum. "Why is Queen Elizabeth more remarkable than the falls of Niagara? Because they are a wonder, but she was a *Tudor*." But here is an improvement on it: A Norfolk farmer built himself a homestead, and instead of one "half-door" in the middle, set a door in each wing. Being asked why he called his house "Elizabethan," he replied, "Because, you see, it is a *Tu*-door (two-door) cottage."

☞ CHANGE OF BUSINESS.—The editor of the Bossier Banner, published in Bossier Parish, Louisiana, threatens to quit the newspaper business and go to stealing cotton, if subscribers don't pay up.

☞ The Minnesotians are excited over reported discoveries of gold in their state.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Paraguay—Paraguayans—Moral, Social, and Political Condition—Arts—Mechanics—Diabolical Beings.

I do not pretend to be sufficiently well acquainted with Paraguay as to be able to write a concise, consecutive history of the country, its productions, and people, as the whole period of my sojourn in the isolated, interior, pretended Republic was but a trifle beyond two months, and although every facility that we could wish was afforded our party for seeing and learning all we could, it is not a very great deal that can be learned of even a small country by a two months' residence in it.

We did see enough, however, during our ramblings through the capital, and frequent excursions of fifteen, twenty, and sometimes fifty miles, out among the *compañeros*, to convince us that Paraguay was made especially for Paraguayans, and these as surely for the rule of just such a man as President Lopez, and that of his predecessor, Dr. Francois, who, between them, have ruled the country in a manner that no other country on earth has ever been ruled, ever since it assumed its position among the nations of South America.

Paraguay and Paraguayans are anomalies in the history of civilization—even "South American Civilization." A country fashioned and by Nature herself fixed in a position of isolation; an elevated plateau, places within natural defences—barriers of rugged sierras and boundless plains—no coast, no commerce, accessible to invading army or hostile fleets only by more than a thousand miles of rapid river navigation, capable of impregnable defences at every quarter of a mile within her outer gate—her resources and productions equal to every requirement of her population, rendering her absolutely independent of the outer world; producing a race of men more intelligent, enduring, and energetic, than any other Spanish-American country; a race who, with all their spirit and intelligence, are content to live and die the slaves of a despot, whose rule is, after all, so gentle, that the yoke of slavery is never felt. Such, in brief, is Paraguay, the country of an inland, island nation, holding no intercourse with other countries, either near to or distant; and even down to the present period so little known, that almost all her territory beyond her capital is virtually a *terra incognita*.

Physically, the Paraguayans are very far superior to the people of any other South American country—the fierce, warlike, and unconquerable *Araucanian* savages, inhabiting the west coast, on the southern borders of Chili, alone excepted. The men of Paraguay are usually of larger stature, better developed, more muscular, and almost invariably handsomer and more manly looking than either their Spanish or Brazilian neighbors. The female characteristics are just as distinctly marked in favor of the Paraguayan women. Of fairer complexion, as a rule, better formed, more graceful, always vivacious, and in twenty out of every twenty-five instances, really beautiful, they do not, after eighteen or twenty, grow squat, flabby, sallow, stolid, and absolutely hideous, as do the women of Brazil, Buenos Ayres, and all the Spanish-American countries—making a partial, and *only* partial, exception in favor of Chili. In intelligence, and all the better qualities of humanity, the Paraguayans, both men and women, are as far superior to their neighbors, as they are physically. Such, in a few words, is the mass of Paraguyan population—a country and people, as will be seen, both anomalous, having no like in the civilized world.

Morally and socially, the character of the people of Paraguay is a model that might be copied with advantage by the people of every other country of South America. The Sabbath is more generally respected than we had ever found it in Brazil, Uraguay, or the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata. The priests we always found free from habits of drunkenness and immorality; services were held regularly in the churches, and men and women attended, almost as generally as the people of our most moral communities in the United States are in the habit of doing; whereas, in all other South American countries, men rarely put their foot within the portals of a church, except upon election days, or to witness the christening of some semi-royal infant.

It was very rarely that we heard of rows, robberies, murders, or the depredations of highwaymen, either in the city or country, though there would, now and then, occur an instance where some daring outlaw would commit crimes that would chill the blood with horror. But the career of these desperadoes was almost invariably brief, terminating their career of blood and worthless lives together, in a manner sometimes as terrible as the outrages of which they were guilty. It is possible that an instance or two of the kind may come directly in our way before we leave the country.

Politically, the Paraguayans are automatons. Moving as a superior intelligence directs, having no independent thought, motive, or action. Nominally, Paraguay claims to be a Republic. So entirely nominal is the claim, that it were better laid aside entirely. It is very true that Paraguay has her Presidential elections, and that Paraguayans vote for their Chief Magistrate. But there is never but the one candidate in the political field—that candidate is always Don Jose Lopez; and any one can see how easy a matter it is in a country whose entire population is less than five hundred thousand, and has an army of sixty thousand equipped and tolerably well drilled soldiers, all devoted to their military chief, for that chief having—as sporting men say—the inside track, to keep it during life.

President Lopez does all the political thinking necessary to be done in the country, leaving his well-contented subjects free to devote all ingenuity, energy, and industry, to agriculture, the arts, and mechanical requirements of the country. A genius for art, and many of the mechanical pursuits seems to be inherent in the Paraguyans. In all iron and cabinet work, they excel. They are capital tailors, shoemakers, weavers, hatters, and jewelers. I saw one day in a watchmaker's establishment, two beautiful, imitation Swiss watches, quite equal, so far as I knew, to any watch ever turned out by a Geneva watchmaker, and entirely of native workmanship. In two *studios* of native artists in the city of Assumption, we saw specimens, both in landscape and historical composition, of far more merit than thousands of *puffed* daubs that find permanent places in private collections and public galleries in this country.

In almost all the sciences, however, with the exception of military engineering, the Paraguayans we found proverbially deficient—in one of them—if it be a science, our medical *compañero* enlightened a large assembly one evening in a manner that left every soul of them, from the Dictator down to the youngest senorita, in an interminable tangle of doubt and utter bewilderment, winning for himself the title of "*Don Carlos Diavo*," which he wore during our sojourn in the country.

Whether or not there be in reality any mesmeric power by which one person can control the will and actions of another, is a question that I have never been able to settle satisfactorily in my own mind. But this I *do* know: In five hundred instances I think, I had seen the doctor perform feats in what he called the science, that were perfectly astounding, and altogether beyond my comprehension.

The doctor was always shy about the exhibition of his wonderful powers, but some how, his secret leaked out before we had been long in Assumption; and one evening at the mansion of President Lopez, after a great deal of persuasion, he put Dona Marilina and her two daughters, into a mesmeric sleep, causing them to cut such queer antics, that Don Jose and several guests, both ladies and gentlemen, nearly burst with laughter, though they were all something awed, and I believe considerably frightened. It was the first thing of the kind ever seen or heard of in the country, and they all religiously believed it to be either witchcraft or the devil's doings, inclining strongly to the latter opinion.

The feat, performed under such circumstances, advertised our modest M. D. everywhere among the ten thousand inhabitants of Assumption; and within three days, Dr. Charley Bond was a great deal more famous in the Paraguayan capital than he had ever expected to be anywhere. From every quarter, and all sorts of people, he received invitations, and was teased and importuned to come to their houses and "*make them funny*," for Don Marilina and her daughters had assured everyone they saw that the sensations produced were very pleasant. The doctor was even blockaded in the streets ten times a day, by strapping soldiers and pretty senoras, Government officials and garrulous old women, who forced him to take fees and *shut their eyes*. In a week, mesmerism became a popular *furore* in Assumption. The doctor became heartily tired of the ridiculous position in which his science had placed him. And one day he said to me—

"Cosmo—I'll put an end to this at the first opportunity; see if I don't."

And he did. For that very evening, he, with our whole party, were invited to dine at the house of General Marguez De Santiago, Commander-in-chief of the Paraguayan army, and brother-in-law to His Excellency, Don Jose. Of course we were obliged to attend; and upon our arrival, at about six P. M., we found assembled some sixty guests, representing the beauty, fashion, and chivalry of Assumption.

The festivities of the table might have continued, as was customary, three hours, but for the impatience of every one to witness the mesmeric manifestations, and that shortened the period to one.

"Doctor—if you please, make me sleep funny," plead a beautiful little seventeen year old senora, niece to Gen. Santiago, seated next the doctor.

In ten winks the donna's eyes were fast sealed; and with a teaspoon she was sipping mustard out of a cruet, calling it *dulce*.

"Doctor—make my eyes shut," said a magnificent, middle-aged lady, across the table.

Five passes, and down went the donna's eyelids, and up went the senora, and off in a blind waltz around the table, whirling away with her a handsome *peon* man servant. That was a signal for a general rising and universal crowding around the conjurer. Dr. Bond let loose all his powers of *diablerie*, and such another pandemonium never was seen at any dinner-party on this earth. Ten grave dons were in as many minutes transformed into harlequins. Dona Zobiede, the lady of Gen. Santiago, with a carving-knife in each hand, was singing a furious carnival chime on cut-glass pendants of a costly candelabra. Gen. Santiago was off in a brilliant *balero*, swinging our little Baltimore beauty like a feather whither he would and she would not. The third great man in all Paraguay, had coerced Madam Cosmo into a fascinating *fandango*. Donna Esmeraldo, eldest daughter of the President, had captured Capt. Cator, and was initiating him into the mysteries of the Paraguayan *Doce Tarantula*. Donna Juez was making love to our handsome young Boston Bohemian. The Dictator himself was dancing like mad; and nearly every one of the Paraguay persuasion, was acting as foolishly as it was possible for men, women, and children, to do—when in an instant the doctor dissolved the charm, and everybody stood there dumbfounded—gazing at each other as ridiculously silly as it is possible to imagine people.

They had got a surfeit of mesmeric manifestations. Dr. Bond got rid of all future importunities: but he never got rid of the sobriquet of "*Don Carlos Diavo*," while we remained in Paraguay.

How to Deal with the Cholera.

The progress of the cholera in Europe has produced a somewhat remarkable report, which has been made to the French Emperor by Messrs. Drouin d'Lhuys and Armand Behic. These high officers of State, tracing the disease to its source, attribute it to the vast crowds of Moslem pilgrims which resort to Mecca and Djedda, where they are congregated in defiance of all sanitary regulations, and increase the danger by the nature of their religious exercises. During the present year the number of these pilgrims was estimated to be two hundred thousand, and the number of sheep and camels slaughtered by them exceed one million. The offal of these carcasses, instead of being buried, was abandoned on the ground, putrefying in the open air and exhaling most frightful stenches. The pilgrims themselves are dirty. They live in defiance of every rule which insures health, and the consequence is that the number of deaths among them is fearful. Formerly when pilgrims journeyed across the desert in vast caravans, the travel and the influence of the air dissipated the poison which clung to their garments and accompanied their movements. But now the facilities of travel by water communication are such that the pilgrims are forwarded by steam toward their destination and brought back rapidly on their return. They have not the means to dissipate the infection which has attached itself to them. They are crowded in the vessels which convey them, in defiance of comfort and health. They are filthy in the extreme, and very shortly after they leave the head quarters of the cholera they bring the infection to distant places. These facts are beyond dispute, but the serious question is, how is the evil to be dealt with? Surveillance and strict dealing with the vessels which carry the pilgrims is needed, but there are also required some method of putting the pious Musselmen into quarantine, restricting their too hasty return to their homes, and requiring from them purification and submission to the laws of health.

A LONDON paper publishes a description of a curious invention designed to catch safe burglars. The depredator no sooner commences, in perfect ignorance of the secret arrangements, to force open the door, drill the lock, or move the safe, than by so doing he sends a telegraph message to the nearest police office, exhibiting the number of the safe he is attacking, and this number, registered in the police books, has opposite to it the address of the house in which the robbery is being effected.

☞ The famous Thames Tunnel, England, has been sold for a million dollars, to a railway company.

☞ It is reported that Ralph Waldo Emerson lost his entire property by the Concord Bank robbery, except his homestead.

☞ General Bragg is about to start a cotton plantation in Alabama, with free negro labor.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

GRANDMA'S PORTRAIT is the title of a very taking Steel Engraving in the November number of this favorite monthly. It is a household scene, and one of the youngsters is drawing Grandma's picture on the wall. The double colored steel Fashion Plate is as usual superb. LOVE *versus* FLIRTATION is the title of the next engraving, which illustrates an interesting story of the same name. Then we have a number of engravings, devoted to the fashions, new hats, head-dresses, lady's and boy's suits, &c. For the Music we have this time a Gallop from Mireille. The fine story, "Told by the Sun," is continued in this number. We give the,

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THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Sales 10,000 bbls Flour, in lots, chiefly to the trade, at $8@8,50 for superfine, $8,75@9,50 for extras, $9,50@10,25 for northwest extra family, $10,25@11,25 for Pennsylvania and Ohio do, and $11,50@12,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is selling at $7,25@7,50 ₩ bbl, and Buckwheat Meal at $5,50@5,75 ₩ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—The offerings of Wheat are light; sales 35,000 bus, in lots, at 185@210c for inferior reds; 220@230c for fair to prime new do, and 230@240c for old. Rye is selling at 100@105c for inferior, and 110 to 120c for good to prime. Corn—Sales 30,000 bus, at 80@87c for yellow afloat; 85@90c in store; 85@88c for white; and 75@80c for new. Oats—Some 25,000 bus found buyers at 51@55c for Southern and Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—The receipts and stocks of the Hog produce generally are very light, with a small business to note in barreled meats at $35@36 for Mess Pork, and $14@15 ₩ bbl for Mess Beef. Bacon and Green Meats are quiet. Lard is selling at 28@29c for bbls and tcs. Butter continues firm at 35@40c for packed, 42@44c for roll, and 48@55c for Goshen. Cheese is selling at 17@19c. Eggs—Sales at 38@40c ₩ doz.

COTTON—Sales of 1900 bales, ranging at 55 to 80c for low and good middling quality.

BARK—1st No 1 Quercitron is offered at $32½ ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark is steady.

BEESWAX—Good yellow is held at 50c ₩ lb.

COAL—The market is unsettled and drooping. Sales at $9,50 to $10,50 ₩ ton at Richmond.

COFFEE—The market is firm at 20@21½c, gold, and 31@32c, currency, for Rio and Laguayra.

FEATHERS—The market is dull at 95@100c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—The sales are mostly confined to Green Apples and Cranberries, at $5@7 for the former, and $10@14 ₩ bbl, for the latter.

HAY is selling at $15@18 ₩ ton.

HOPS are selling at 35@60c.

IRON—There is a good demand for Pig Metal. Sales Anthracite at $44@50 for Forge and Foundry.

LUMBER—Sales White Pine at $30@32, and Yellow Sap Boards at $27@28 ₩ M.

OILS—Petroleum; sales 10,000 bbls at 35@36c for crude, and 57@59c for refined, in bond.

PLASTER—Soft is worth $4,50 ₩ ton.

RICE remains quiet at 9½@10c for Rangoon and 12½@13c ₩ lb for Carolina.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is coming in more freely; sales 900 bus at $7 to 8,50. Of Timothy, a sale of prime Western was made at $3,35 ₩ bus. Flaxseed is steady at $3,10 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N E Rum is held at 245c. Whiskey is selling at 235@236c for drudge, and $37@238c for Penna and Western bbls.

SUGARS are dull but firm; sales Cuba at 10c gold and 11c currency.

TALLOW is held at 13½@14½c for rendered.

WOOL—There is some little demand for medium and fine fleece at 75@80c, the latter for choice clips.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2800 head. The prices realized from 15@16½c ₩ lb. 170 Cows brought from $45 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 7 to 7½ cts ₩ lb. 3300 Hogs at from $15,00 to 15,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

SET FREE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY H. S. COREY.

Gone to thy rest! forlorn and weary-hearted,
Wracked with thy ceaseless sufferings many a day,
From all the gladsome things of life long parted,
Hunted to death with bloodhounds on thy way.

Chilled with the shadows and the wild wind's sobbings,
Treading with bleeding feet a desert shore,
Counting the time but by thy sick heart's throbbings—
A weary, weary toil—thank God! 'tis thine no more!

Ah! who could guess its countless strokes of madness,
Through all those later years of gathering ill?
No silver ringing of its old-time gladness—
The chords are broke, the worn-out wheels are still!

Long didst thou battle with the fate that bound thee,
Long strive with powerless hand to break thy chain;
And faster as the fetters gathered 'round thee,
Turn to escape and find it still in vain.

And serpent eyes smiled on thy proud endeavor
To keep thy nobler spirit from the thrall;
And mocked thee, as triumphant demons ever
Have mocked at Genius while they wrought his fall.

Tortured with agonies past all our dreaming,
Maddened by wrongs that stung thee everywhere,
What marvel if at last with vengeful seeming,
Thou gavest wrong for wrong in thy despair!

I cannot curse thee, though from all around me
I hear but curses breathed upon thy name;
I can but think of those old days that found thee,
Through many a change, true-hearted all the same.

Of long-gone days of pleasure's summer glancing,
That brightened o'er thy destiny and mine,
And quickened happy hearts and footsteps, dancing
Around thy home—beneath thy tree and vine.

Alas for thee, and for the night that waited!
A starless night that showed no break of blue,
Till Death's white hand clasped thine, oh sorrow-fated!
And led thee toward the dawn that glimmered through.

They say thy one black crime hath no forgiving;
That God's sweet mercies cannot flow for thee.
Alas for us—alas for all the living,
If one brief madness shapes eternity!

If one lone human heart that mourns thy sinning,
Still finds for thee no bitterness, no blame,
Shall One who knows the end from the beginning,
Forsake the frailty from His hand that came?

God forgive us, who are so unforgiving!
God shelter those to whom our doors are barred!
Fold 'round them still the mantle of Thy loving,
And in Thy pity mete them their reward!

THE HEIRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BARBARA JOHNS.

I.

Among the arrivals that were chronicled at the St. Nicholas, on that beautiful June morning, were the names of "Hugh Stanmore, daughter, and niece, from Baltimore."

"There, girls, everything is in readiness," said Mr. Stanmore, as the last trunk was unstrapped. "You will have two good hours before dinner; I shall not disturb you all that time."

"We shall be in regular trim, uncle; I'm only too impatient to begin my onslaught on these Gothamites," and Claire Allison looked up archly.

"You are a saucy little witch; I'm more than half afraid of your madcap whims."

"You needn't be, uncle; my charms are nothing solid. Milly's sure of being queen, that's why she's so silent."

"Is that it, pet?" stooping to give a kiss to the little body nestled away in the easy chair, her travelling-hat trailing on the carpet, and her wealth of sunny girls falling in profusion over her dust-covered mantle.

"I wish Rose was here."

"So do I," echoed Claire.

"Bravo! didn't you promise to wait on each other; and backing out the very first morning."

"Not quite that, pa—but I'm tired; and besides we are all dust."

"A little exertion will soon rid you of this; rest, and a bath, and you'll both be more comfortable. Good-bye till dinner," and the door closed.

"Heigho! I wonder if there's many here," and Claire unlaced her boots. "Now, Miss Milly, shall I take yours." And she dropped on one knee, and began operations.

"There, it's quite as well as Rose would have done it, and much quicker."

"I'm much obliged," said Milly, waking up and dancing over the carpet in her stocking-feet. "Now let us see which will be the prettiest."

"Oh, as for that, Miss Stanmore the heiress! I am only Miss Allison." There was no laughing now.

"And what say you to taking my place, during the next six weeks?"

"I should like it of all things; my conquests would then be complete."

"Conquests made with money, I should care very little about."

"What would uncle say to the arrangement?"

"Nothing against it, I dare say. If I am willing, he would not object."

"And I may wear your jewelry; and you will dress as plain as I am accustomed to?"

"You are welcome to wear my jewelry; and as for plain dress, I am sure your wardrobe is in exceedingly good taste."

"Oh, as for that matter, it would not do for a clergyman's daughter to dress like the heiress of Bellevue."

"Very well, you are the heiress; and I am Milly Allison; don't mistake the names."

And the two girls ran on with their scheming. Claire, arch, and bright, tossing her little head in anticipation of the eclat that would be sure to meet her, the compliments she would be sure to win; Milly only thinking of the quiet she would have—the ample time to study faces, and character; and if she made any friends, she would be sure it was for herself, and not for her father's wealth—a drawback that she had felt since her earliest remembrance.

"Ready, girls?" as Mr. Stanmore tapped at the inner door.

"Wait a minute, uncle."

"I'm hungry as a bear."

"Miss Stanmore, if you please, uncle." And Claire emerged, looking so arch, and piquant—royal as a young queen. She wore a dress of lustrous grenadine, purple, threaded with gold, exquisitely fitting her well-rounded shoulders; the delicate lace at her throat fastened by a superb brilliant, diamond pendant in her ears, with bracelet and rings in harmony. While Milly followed, attired in the lightest, and loveliest blue dress, so cool and refreshing; her hair like spun gold rippling in waves beneath the most ravishing little net, the mingled odor of violets and heliotropes about her. It was as if a white fleecy cloud had floated up in a sea of azure.

"Miss Stanmore; and this is Miss Allison, I presume;" as Milly sprang to her father's side, and flung her white arms about his neck.

"What new whim is this, pet?"

"Only this, pa—Claire and I are to exchange places for the next six weeks; she is to be the heiress, and I am Milly Allison."

"And so you are to victimise your old uncle into all the pettings and caressings that Milly is entitled to; I see it all." And Uncle Stanmore looked down into the laughing eyes that so strongly reminded him of the darling sister that used to be his pride and pet in that dear old home, in the long ago.

"And supposing I can't remember?"

"Indeed you must, uncle."

"You have thought of the consequences; and are willing to risk them?"

"That's the fun, uncle. We want to see what people are made of."

"You mean, you want to see how much genuine love there is in the world?"

"That's it, pa."

And a loving glance sank down into his heart.

"Very well, Miss Stanmore, to dinner if you please. Miss Allison, allow me?"

And Mr. Stanmore was seated with a lady on each side. For a few moments hunger prevailed. The soup was refreshing; then followed the different courses. Claire found time to look around a little; and Milly made silent observations.

"Fuss and feathers!" as Claire cracked an almond, "that must be petroleum No. one," throwing her eyes in the direction of a pleasant-faced, red-haired little woman in a flashy summer silk, with broad gold bracelets and heavy guard chain, almost large enough for a cable to the Great Eastern.

"Dear me; that pretty little cap of hers doesn't seem to harmonize. Bah! she looks oily."

"Hush, Claire, a good-natured little woman; and if she's shipped into her honors late in life, the more she enjoys them perhaps. Happiness comes of contrast, variety is pleasing. This easy, nonchalant life at the St. Nicholas, in strong contrast with the old farm somewhere up among the hills of Pennsylvania, and those daughters of hers, out to see the sights, only think how much they must enjoy it."

"You are always in the sunshine, Milly."

"Pictures usually look the best toned down a little. Gas-light is preferable, you think."

"Well, girls, I feel better; shall we take a walk down town, or do you prefer quiet this evening?"

"No, indeed, uncle! Besides, Milly has an errand at Stewart's."

"And that must be attended to. Who ever heard of a lady coming to New York that didn't have an errand at Stewart's?"

They were soon ready, and two prettier girls had not tripped over the steps of the St. Nicholas on that bright June day than Claire Stanmore and Milly Allison.

"They say he's rich, and she's an only child," said Fred Gilmore, one of the most fascinating men of the day, to his friend Mark Merton, a young lawyer, with dark hair and a certain Byronic look about his mouth and chin.

"Lucky, isn't it? This is their first trip to New York; they'll want to make the rounds; out continually. If we can only manage to get introduced. 'Spose they'll be at the hop this evening."

"Of course, and that'll be the time; deuced pretty girl, the daughter; the other, they say, is only a niece, the child of a Methodist clergyman, not worth a stiver."

"Pretty for all that. What a pity she's poor!"

Night came; the elegant hall was filled; chignons, waterfalls, curls, frizettes, in bewildering confusion; while fans fluttered, and eyes sparkled, and the musicians poured forth their enlivening notes.

"On with the dance, and all went merry as a marriage bell."

By one of those happy coincidences that always happen so charmingly at hotels, Fred Gilmore was introduced to Miss Stanmore just in time to escort her into the room, and right regally they looked. Mammas gazed, young ladies smiled, and gentlemen nodded their heads; the queenly bearing of Claire losing nothing by contrast with those who had already made their entrée. An elegant lace robe falling in rich folds over a pink slip, fashioned low in the neck, the sleeves looped up from round, polished arms, on one of which coiled an exquisite gold bracelet in the form of a serpent, whose eyes were two glittering diamonds; and a few moss rose-buds in the heavy folds of glossy black hair. Mr. Gilmore looked genial, and irresistible as usual.

Some few moments afterwards Mr. Stanmore and Miss Milly Allison, the latter in a simple dress of white Swiss, high necked, with long sleeves, closed at the wrist; an exquisite collar of lace fastened at the throat with a few geranium leaves, her only ornament, her hair brushed smoothly over her brow, and knotted up behind, leaving a few curls to fall gracefully over a dainty pearl comb, cool and quiet, so charmingly natural, and at home; all looked up pleased and satisfied, but with none of the awe and admiration with which Miss Stanmore had been greeted.

For a few moments she stood, as carelessly Mr. Stanmore talked to her of the place, the people, and their manners, in that quiet undertone which well-bred persons often use to say witty and sarcastic things of their neighbors. Soon they found themselves where the tide of life surged deepest, and Miss Allison's hand was claimed for a dance just forming.

Mr. Stanmore resigned his charge to her partner with a smile; then, as they took their places, he moved away in search of Mr. Ashley, the only one whom he happened to see at the time that he knew. Mr. Ashley was a man of this generation, well versed in stocks, and just now the cynosure of all eyes, having cleared something very handsome in his late speculations in the oil regions; and very soon a spirited discussion was commenced and carried on, Mr. Stanmore bringing out with well meaning tact the new man whom he had known years before as a day laborer. But this did not in the least lower him in the estimation of the old capitalist. Mr. Stanmore was one of those benevolent, whole-souled men, perfectly willing that one should float out of lower into a higher atmosphere, provided they could readily do so. In his younger days he was perfectly well acquainted with the "bulls" and "bears" in Wall street. Now he listened complacently, assenting just enough to keep his companion in countenance.

"Here you are, pa! Oh, I'm so glad!" and a little fussy, fixed-up woman laid her hand on Mr. Ashley's arm.

"My wife, Mr. Stanmore, Mr. Stanmore, of Baltimore, Susan."

"I've heard tell of you, Mr. Stanmore. Happy to see you," and Mrs. Ashley bowed till the little red curls seemed like falling.

"If Mr. Stanmore will excuse us, I want you to speak to Eliza Jane a moment, she's so terribly imprudent," and away the "pater-familias" went to lay down the rule in the case of Eliza Jane.

"My dear Mr. Stanmore, we are so glad to welcome you to New York again," and Mrs. Aspen held out her hand.

"It hardly seems long, Mrs. Aspen. While I have been growing perceptibly older, you have certainly stood still," and a pleasant smile gleamed on Mr. Stanmore's face.

"Indeed, sir, I feel quite old. Bessie," turning to a beautiful girl at her side, "was hardly out of the cradle the last time you dined with us, now she's talking of leaving me," and the mother looked proudly as some mothers do when their daughters are about to make an eligible match.

To tell the truth Bessie Aspen was a splendid looking girl, and one that might have counted personal attractions sufficient to afford a reasonable prospect of an eligible husband, provided her father had not been the possessor of a dollar in the world, and very prettily she looked now in her rose-colored silk, the delicate lace bertha and flounces of real material, and quite the envy of half the ladies in the room. Mrs. Aspen, resplendent in mauve colored robe, heavy with richness, softened by a shawl of pointed lace, cast with studied careless about her shoulders, falling away gracefully from the finely developed bust, and mingling with under-sleeves of the same costly fabric.

Through the exquisite pattern of these, light and beautiful as *frost-work* pictures, flashed and burned a diamond bracelet, matched at the throat by a brooch that represented to the quick eye of Mr. Stanmore a goodly number of Mr. Aspen's thousands.

Her head-dress was a marvel of French taste and beauty, a half wreath of clematis drooping low upon the neck, and besprinkled with drops of crystal, like gems of dew. Whether her cheek owed its freshness to the excitement of the occasion, or to some more enduring cosmetic, it was not easy to decide. But her words had all the charm of youthfulness.

"Your daughters are positively charming, Mr. Stanmore. I can hardly keep my eyes away from them. I had always supposed you had but one child."

"That is all. The other is my niece, Miss Allison."

"That is Miss Stanmore, ma, the one in pink, with lace over it, black hair and such sparkling eyes. Isn't she splendid?"

"She is certainly. Your niece is a different style of beauty. Still she has a very sweet look—so plain and elegant. A mind of her own, I should fancy, that she thus presumes to wear her hair in the way it was worn years ago."

"She is a very amiable and sweet-natured child, not aspiring to be anything more than natural." And the father's eye rested lovingly on his so-called niece.

By this time there was a virtual change of partners. Miss Aspen walked off with Mr. Morton, her lover—and the mother made place for Mr. Freeman, who had long been waiting to speak to Mr. Stanmore. He remembered that good, benevolent face at a glance; it was the same, only a little older as years ago, when as a poor boy he had stood at the rich man's door and asked his influence in winning a clerkship in a banking house in a foreign city. It was granted. Fifteen years of consecutive business, with prudent investments had made Mr. Freeman a rich man. He had returned only the last winter, and was living in elegant bachelor quarters on the Hudson, and it was by mere accident that he chanced to be one of the guests.

The meeting was a pleasant one to both parties. Mr. Stanmore remembering perfectly well the frank, free-hearted lad, who had gone to tell his story with such a manly seriousness. He had wondered so often how the boy was getting on.

"You are not to return to England?"

"Not at present, if ever."

"Your family, I believe are here."

"A mother and sister were all I had. They both died while I was abroad," and the voice was low and husky.

"We shall remain here three weeks," said Mr. Stanmore. "Then on to Saratoga and the White Mountains. Let us see you as often as possible."

"We, means your family?" said Mr. Freeman, with a smile.

"My daughter and niece, beg pardon. I thought you had been presented. Miss Stanmore Mr. Freeman, Miss Allison."

Both ladies bowed, and Mr. Stanmore felt only too glad to escape saying my daughter, he would leave the rest to be inferred.

Strange to say Mr. Freeman, who had only just a moment before expressed his intention of leaving suddenly, changed his mind, giving his arm to Miss Allison; they joined the promenaders, while Mark Merton and Miss Stanmore strolled off to the refreshment rooms, leaving the old merchant again to the mercy of the random few he might remember.

The next half hour was a delicious one to Clyde Freeman, looking down into the blue eyes of the golden-haired, white-robed vision at his side, the graceful abandon, and childlike frankness, without art or manœuvre, so bewitchingly sweet and lovely, the only one in the room with hair lying soft and smooth above her brow. How he longed to put his hands on it caressingly, and murmur "God bless you," as he used to do with that fairy-like sister Edith. "Edith would have made just such another," he said to himself, as he led her back to her uncle, and made his good-night.

"Are you ready to go now?" asked Mr. Stanmore. "I'm tired to death."

"Quite ready; and here comes Claire."

"Well, girls, the evening has met your hopes, your expectations?"

"I expected very little," said Milly, "and must say I have reaped abundantly."

"And I expected a great deal, and have not been disappointed. O, but you did look so sweet, Milly; you are one of the very few that need no decoration. What say you, uncle? Did you ever see Milly look so well?"

"She looked well to me; but you are mistaken about her being one of a few. Not a lady there but would have looked twice as well in plain hair and less of ornament."

"Perhaps so!" and Claire beat a tattoo with the toe of her white slipper. "If the gentlemen would all say so, it might easily be brought about. As it is, Fashion is arbitrary, and it is only once and awhile one that can defy her."

"A kiss, girls, and sleep now. Mind you don't talk the night away like a couple of magpies. There are conquests by day-light as well as at night—to bed quickly."

II.

Three weeks had nearly passed, and a merry time had it been to Claire Stanmore. Walks and rides through the Park and up Broadway, the regal magnificence of private buildings and public edifices breaking upon her in bewildering beauty; dinners, parties, hops, to say nothing of the belles, and countless number of beaux that everywhere followed in her train.

But Claire was not puffed up, possessed of a warm, loving heart, with a little, lurking ambition; she was not one to be bought. She loved wealth not for itself, but what it could bring; she delighted in the beautiful, in the cultivation of all the æsthetic tastes and exquisite surroundings of daily life. This was the effect. Wealth was the lever, the main-spring, and if it brought not these, it was useless to her. She had no wish to hoard. Misery was to be assuaged, the benevolent feelings gratified, and human life lifted to a higher standpoint.

Hence she did not bow down to one merely that they were rich. Nevertheless it was an accidental that she would not have liked to miss. And her admirers, while she had talked, laughed, sung, and danced, not one had touched her heart. And perhaps it was this very reason that rendered her so arch and tantalizing, so charming, gay, and tender, then calm and dignified like a royal dahlia, with the impassioned sunbeams sleeping in her heart.

While Milly had floated out on the topmost wave of kindly favor, careless, free, and happy as a child, girdled round by love, her heart filled with a sweet, glad content.

Eminently a social being, she had entered into all that society offered, with the gushing abandon, the just appreciation and keen sense of delight. Thinking little of self and more of others, she was ever welcome as a most genial companion, the young finding pleasure, and the old delight, in the quiet undercurrent of good feeling and piquant remark.

But the time had nearly gone, and there sat the two girls tossing their playful badinage.

"Are you not afraid you are going a little too far with Mr. Gilmore, Claire?" and Milly's face took a serious expression.

"I think not. I believe I understand him."

"I can't help but think he does really care for you; and Mark Merton, too."

"If I thought they did, I would cut off my right hand rather than to allow them to say all the sentimental nonsense I have obliged myself to listen to. But, Milly, mortifying as it is, I have never felt that their homage belonged to any other than Miss Stanmore, the heiress; that they will both have a question to ask before we have I have not a doubt, and when they come to know that I am penniless their love will evaporate. It is sufficiently humbling, but strange to say, it has quite the contrary effect upon me, making me right proud, and causing me to worship goodness and truth as I never should without this lesson. I have heard it said, and I have sometimes remarked it myself, 'that money was the standard,' but I never realized it as now. Still, all are not so," and Claire's eyes drooped.

"Mr. Freeman does not measure a man by that standard."

"What are you saying of Mr. Freeman?" and Mr. Stanmore joined the group.

"Only this, uncle; that Mr. Freeman would not measure his love for a person by their wealth or position in society."

"I should think not; Mr. Freeman is a man of rare worth, and more than ordinary mental culture. His youth was passed in poverty—he knows what it is to battle with difficulties; battle and overcome. He sees life from a higher stand-point than most men; he is true to himself, not biased by prejudice or dwarfed by bigotry. One meets with but few such men in a life-time. But what say you, I have promised to spend the day with him to-morrow?"

"I have no doubt it will be charming; but what shall we do?"

"Why, you are to go of course."

"To his house? Why I thought he was a bachelor."

"Why not a bachelor keep house, and entertain lady visitors? He has a staid, matronly housekeeper."

"I own I should like of all things to see his place, but the entire day may be rather too much."

"We shall see. But look—it is nearly time for dinner. And afterwards what?" And Mr. Stanmore looked questioningly.

"After dinner, Claire rides with Mr. Gilmore; and I finish up a little shopping, and perhaps look at a few pictures with Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot."

That evening, as the last red rays slanted across the Hudson, peering in through the rift of green leaves and honeysuckle, shedding a soft light upon the rich carpet, and gilding a marble-topped table, covered with fresh magazines and newspapers, a sofa ample and luxurious with its broad, deep cushions; indeed there is no lack of furnishing to render comfortable the inmate of that charming dwelling, who now sits in a musing mood by the table in a great easy chair.

"His countenance is one remarkable for its expression of high-toned manliness; his is a clear, penetrating eye, looking kindly out from beneath a broad forehead. Extreme benevolence is written on every line of that face, which seems the reflection of a heart cherishing good-will towards all mankind. Yet over it there steals a kind of melancholy as if that eye might look often upon life's shadow as well as its sunlight.

He looks out into the sunshine, and is instantly carried back to the long years gone, when a happy boy he played with a golden-haired sister under the trees that shaded a cottage home. He is not the skillful tactician, the accomplished financier of yesterday, as he sits there with the sunbeams dancing on the wall, for his spirit seems to have plunged into the fabled fountain, and he is a child again. But there is the sadness of retrospect, not the joy of anticipation in his reverie.

Taking from next his heart an exquisite miniature likeness of the faces he loves so well, he gazes long and earnestly upon them. The strong earnest man is bowed, tears fall on the painted ivory, and glitter upon a sunny tress that lies not faded like the fair head where once it rested. Then rousing himself he murmurs half aloud,

"I am wrong to weep
That ye have left life's shallows,
And do possess the deep."

And rising he says, "What is upon me this evening? Has the sunbeam a voice that it should speak to me?" And going to the library he tried to divert himself with a book; but strange as it may seem, from the well-stored shelves he could find nothing congenial to his present feelings; but there is a worn volume which his mother used to read, which he bears back, and finds on its pages a balm for the soul's healing—and he is again the strong, earnest man.

The next morning, much to the surprise of Mark Merton, who is lounging listlessly, an open barouche dashes up, and bears away Mr. Stanmore, his daughter, and niece. Very sweet and beautiful they looked. Claire bowing with stately grace, and Milly nodding familiarly.

"By Jove! she's a regular beauty—such a face as grows upon one. If she was only the heiress. What a pity it is that she's poor!" and again the young lawyer leaned back in his chair and puffed away at his meerschaum. "A face that grows upon one," and still as the blue curling smoke rolled up, he determined it should be one of the two—and as a matter of course, the heiress had the preference. Not a doubt, not a misgiving, he felt sure of success; not that he could recall one word of encouragement—still, he had too good an opinion of himself to doubt for a moment the lady would feel honored by the claim, and be at once admitted to all the rights and privileges of an accepted suitor, and heir presumptive to the shining ore rather attributed to papa Stanmore.

"A little taking down won't hurt him," was Claire's response to Uncle Stanmore, as the carriage started.

And now, two hours' ride brought them to the lovely residence of Clyde Freeman.

"I was almost afraid to anticipate the pleasure," as he advanced to meet them, his eyes sparkling with honest feeling. "Such a treat is not allowed us every day." While Mrs. Talbot, the housekeeper, met and conducted them to an ample room, freeing them of their wrappings and offering water in a quaint, motherly fashion that won them entirely.

It was a charming Gothic cottage, covering an ample stretch of ground, its pointed roof, and exquisitely carved cornices gleaming through the rift of green leaves; the stained glass windows reflecting, and throwing back the light in a thousand ravishing forms. Reaching down in front of the mansion was a lawn, thickly planted with tall elms, feathery willows, and other trees, whose outlines were graceful and flowing. There were wide gravel-walks winding through the trees, and a broad carriage-drive, and lilac and syringa bushes gleamed out amid the foliage. To the right was the garden—a perfect wilderness of flowers that loaded the air with intoxicating perfume, and in the midst a fountain sparkling in the sunlight like so many diamonds. Roses and creamy lilacs dipped their heads over the mossy basin.

Everything about the place breathed an odor of luxuriance, of dreamy, bewildering beauty.

"Lovely, isn't it?" exclaimed Claire, stepping out on to the balcony. "I can well understand your anxiety to come out every evening. Had I such a home as this, I am sure I would not long remain in town."

"Indeed! I thought Miss Claire was not particularly fond of solitude."

"I should not call this solitude—with trees, flowers, books, and friends, there would be small time to be lonely."

"I am glad that you admire it; to me it is peculiarly dear; a mother and sister used to live here." And a thread of sadness run through the music of his voice.

"How does the beauty of this river compare with what you have seen abroad?" asked Milly quietly.

"I have never seen anything to surpass the Hudson. There is much said of the Rhine, as also other rivers, in England and France, but I doubt very much if there is anything to surpass American scenery, whether in landscape or river, without it is perchance in mountain sublimity and grandeur."

"Going abroad did not make you less an American."

"More of an enthusiastic admirer than I should have been, but for those many years in England. It is something refreshing to see a government like ours, without arbitrary power, coat-of-arms, or entailed estates."

"But England is surely a free people."

"A free people, but hereditary power, caste, and clique—an impregnable wall, with little hope of breaking over, a peasant born must die a peasant; while the son of a Prince, or an heir to the throne must fill the position without other qualification than right of birth. Here, intellect, good principles, and perseverance is sure to win; the ladder of fame is not barred, one may go to the top if his head becomes not dizzy, it does not matter where he started from." And here followed a spirited dissertation by the gentlemen on places, manners, customs, all interesting in themselves, but hardly worth our remembering, all merging to the same point, viz.: that our country stands head and shoulders above every other, and there she must and ever will stand, a beacon for the nations.

While the two girls wandered down the ave-

nue through the little iron gate into the garden, Claire, as usual, dignified and stately, Milly, like some sweet singing bird, a bobolink, in a field of clover, or a humming bird in a thicket of roses, laughing and chatting in her quiet, piquant way; and the eyes of the two gentlemen could hardly help following as her gold sprinkled head flashed out from behind a cluster of roses, or the white statues at the fountain, bounding up the walk after Claire, pelting her sportively with the crimson leaves.

Not long, and they were forced to join her, grave subjects were not to be thought of, besides the heat was beginning to be oppressive. Mr. Freeman turned into a side path, and into a little arbor sheltered from the sun, and still commanding a fine view of the river.

"This is my thought land, my dream palace, when I am a little homesick," and a genial smile stole up into the eyes.

"Homesick, Mr. Freeman; I did not know that gentlemen ever indulged in such luxury." And Milly looked up archly, a sweet pea-vine, laden with its pink and white blossoms trailing over her shoulder, and contrasting prettily with her dress of white Organdy.

A tremor stole about the mouth of Clyde Freeman, she looked so very like what Edith might have been, and try as he would he could not escape a sigh as he thought of their cold, hard life; the mother with her patient, daily toil, could she only have lived till now, and see that his effort had been crowned with success, and Edith, the pale, feeble little thing, that had tried to bear bravely, to help, thus early burdened beyond her strength, her young life trodden out, and he so far away, working steadily. Now he had enough. Too late! too late!

"I should almost think myself in the garden of Eden, Mr. Freeman. I imagine our first parent seldom enjoyed a more delicious morning," and Mr. Stanmore seated himself.

"It is not altogether a strange idea. It would not be difficult to imagine my guests the Eve of any Eden," was the courtly rejoinder.

A servant brought in a lunch on a chased silver waiter; white foamy cake, strawberries, a pitcher of rich cream, with the same frozen. A lively conversation ensued, notwithstanding the heat. Then to the house with easy grace and abandon of children.

"This must be Mr. Freeman's sister," as Milly wandered down the hall and stood at an open door directly opposite a sweet child face, the soft blue eyes full of arch mirth, the ruby lips as if about to unclose, the velvety softness of the cheek rounded in beauty, with masses of sunny curls falling on bare, white shoulders. A lovely face, and still a look of sadness. Instinctively the soft eyes filled with tears. "Mrs. Talbot," and Milly looked round, only to see Mr. Freeman.

"Yes, that is a picture of Edith; may I tell you about her some time," and he looked tenderly at the blushing cheek and tear-dimmed eyes.

"A lovely face! I should like to know about her, if it will not trouble you, Mr. Freeman."

"Sometime I must tell you," and he closed the door, as Claire came up with her gay badinage. Flitting through the elegant rooms, rare paintings were found, and old prints overturned with the bijou, and art designs the owner had gathered in a lifetime, and light words and quaint speeches, bright, sparkling, Mr. Stanmore finding it difficult at times to answer with propriety when Claire addressed him as Pa, or Milly as Uncle. Still he did not commit himself.

"I am almost sorry the day is done," as, the rounds made, Mr. Stanmore stepped on to the verandah, "I ordered the carriage at such an hour, and here it is." Many were the kind words said by the old housekeeper, as the girls made themselves in readiness for the ride.

"What say you to joining us at Saratoga or the White Mountains, Mr. Freeman?"

"It is not impossible but you may see me at the mountains," and the carriage whirled away.

"A real white day, wasn't it?" and Milly was silent.

III.

It was the crowning of the season when Mr. Stanmore reached Saratoga. Such a gay, bustling, butterfly place, Claire was in her element, but Milly wished to be back again at the mountains. What new revelations were opened to her, this little city girl, just fresh from her books, her heart full of all sweet thoughts and purposes; unknowing of care or sorrow, a constant trill of gladness welling up and brimming over refreshing as water in a thirsty land. Brought face to face with the glory and sublimity of the mountains, everything else seemed to sink into insignificance.

More than this, Clyde Freeman made one of the number, and borne out on this man's speech, she had felt a nearness to His presence, who created and who holds all things in His keeping. The giant mountain towering to the skies, the tiny atom on the sanded shore each in His care. What a sense of security, and she wondered, knowing so little as she did of care how anybody could be troubled.

And thus it was up among the hollows, the shade so dense and thick the sun never came, Clyde Freeman told Milly of Edith, and what she was to him in that old home years ago; told with the tears in his eyes of the old, hard struggle with poverty, and how at last the mother had fallen in the path, then Edith, while Milly could not speak for the sorrow she felt to see this man that she had thought so strong thus bowed in his anguish.

Saying this he was done, and Milly was too simple-hearted to dream that he might have another history to disclose some time farther on, and then as he talked of the beauty and grandeur that surrounded them, she seemed to gather new light, and to look at men and things from a new standpoint.

While Claire was satisfied without tiring herself, as she said, down in the giddy, crowded life at the hotel, absorbed by the excitement of the moment, and listening to the pretty nothings of her crowd of quondam admirers, visiting of course the most popular resorts, but never drawling near the awful stillness of the summit, from the height of which she would have turned with disgust on the petty expeditions where they flattered and laughed in their gay dresses, and returned, bringing nothing with them.

So now Mr. Stanmore was at the United States.

"Come, Milly," said Claire, "let's go down and take a glass of Congress, and a stroll in the park. It's so pleasant this morning." And away they went for their sundowns.

"It seems we are just in time, ladies, or have you a particular engagement?" and Mr. Gilmore bowed graciously.

"It is too charming to stay in the house; we are only bound for the open air."

"And you will suffer us to join you?" as Mr. Freeman made his appearance.

"With pleasure," and they sauntered out in that sweet "dolce far niente" manner, passed to the gay loiterers, farther on to where the trees were thickest, and the shade the heaviest, the hum of carriage wheels, softened by distance, and the light laugh and sparkling jest like the faint murmur of an echo.

"A charming, careless life people live here, but I had so much rather have stayed at the mountains," and Milly plucked a tiny blue flower, and looked down into its azure cup.

"Those were charming days, and I am not at all surprised that you should prefer them to the artificial glare, blinding, dazzling perhaps, but bringing unrest; those lovely views how vividly they come back again, something to dream over in my bachelor home, and that makes me think I must go to-morrow."

"So soon," and there was a perceptible start.

"What think you of my home, Milly, I did not hear your opinion?"

"I thought you knew that. It was charming."

"Would you be satisfied with such a home?"

"Satisfied, I should be delighted."

"Will you accept of mine?"

"Why what do you mean?" and Milly raised her wondering eyes, never once dreaming of the exact purport of his words.

"I mean will you come to my home, will you be my wife, the darling to fill my heart so long desolate?"

"You really love me? I had not dreamed of this," and her blue eyes filled.

"You do not refuse, you will love me?" and his lip met hers.

"I do love you—but, do you know that I am penniless?"

"I do not ask a fortune. Your love, is it mine?"

"All if you wish it."

While these two were walking in elysian fields, Claire and Mr. Gilmore had reached the hotel, surmising that a crisis was at hand, and feeling perhaps a little guilty. Tired at least of the part she was acting, Claire listened to Mr. Gilmore, then referred him to Mr. Stanmore, and smilingly said, she supposed, "It would make no difference with his love whether she was daughter or niece, she could of course trust that."

"I had supposed—" and his lip was colorless, whether from emotion or passion Claire could hardly tell, "my love will of course be the same, but delay will be necessary," and he bowed himself out, muttering between his teeth: "Had I followed my better nature, it would have been all right; the other was by far the prettiest, and turns out to be the heiress."

That night Mr. Freeman made one in the little circle that met in Mr. Stanmore's private parlor.

"So this experiment of yours has exploded," giving Claire's ear a slight pinch.

"Lost and won, uncle," with a sly look at Milly. "I must say, considering, you did very well not to expose us. I am much obliged, and thoroughly satisfied, dear uncle."

"And are you sure there will be no regret, no longings to see a certain person that shall be nameless?"

"Bah! uncle. It was not me at all, but my reported wealth. I have always loved money for what it brings, but in this case it only brought a counterfeit, worthless as so much dross. Friendship is too sweet, love too holy, to be bought with money. My life will be the happier for this lesson—there are no regrets."

TO MY ABSENT LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WILLIAM ADRIAN HUNTLEY.

My heart is with my absent love,
Gay though I seem to be;
When other forms around her move,
Oh, does she think of me?
I wonder does she sing my song?
My presents does she keep?
And sometimes steal from Pleasure's throng,
To sit with them and weep?

I would not seek to dry those eyes,
But let the tears flow on;
One silent drop far more I prize
Than any smile I've known.
For though I cannot hear her tread,
Still true this heart shall be;
Her smiles for others may be shed,
But, oh! her tears for me.

The days would move with lagging pace,
The nights would endless seem,
If memory could not see her face,
And fancy could not dream
Of her, my sweetest dreams must be,
Her love I'll ne'er resign;
And while she sheds one tear for me,
I'll still believe her mine.

Captain Dick's Lady-Love.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I confess that I am of a jealous disposition. Richard knew that, perfectly well, when I married him. I myself am a plain little woman as far as face goes, with very little that I can think of to recommend me; and Dick, oh, he is *such* a handsome fellow, and had always had the reputation of being such a *big* flirt, before he became acquainted with me. Whatever he could see about me to prove so attractive—he who had been a "lion among ladies," who shone in society—I could not quite understand; so when he offered me his hand in marriage, I thought it only prudence to speak a sober word to him—and I assure you I took great credit to myself for it at the time, when I wanted nothing but to throw myself into his arms and rest against his broad breast in perfect peace, without a question. But Aunt Julia (who has had experience, and whose heart is so large and warm) warned me once so earnestly, against the risk I *might* run, with my impulsive disposition, that I—in short, I said this to Dick:

"You know that I love, oh, I love you—with *all* my heart. There is no one in this world for me, save you, and never will be. But, darling, don't think me foolish, will you? I am so plain, and I have no accomplishments whatever; I neither play the piano, nor sing, nor dance, nor any of those things; and I don't know what should make you love me at all; and I am half afraid you will tire of me sometime—men do such things, Dick—and then I should get fearfully jealous of you, and make you miserable, and be miserable myself."

Dick laughed the heartiest, best-natured laugh, at this long speech, and drew me to his heart, and pressed his lips to mine with one of his own fond kisses that make me shut my eyes.

"If you had owned one of those pretty faces that catch the world's eye and fasten it, Josie," he said, "I should not have chosen you for mine. Such faces will do to flirt with—"

"But not when you're married, Richard," I put in, timidly.

"No, certainly not," said he; "I've done enough of that sort of thing to last me, I think, for the rest of my natural life. Now I want a *wife*, (oh, what meaning he put into that word) to nestle in my heart, and make me happy. I don't want to marry a picture, for my friends to admire; I want a comfortable little woman, with a warm, true heart, and a pair of brown eyes into which I can look, and see more beauty a thousandfold than ever ball-room belle wore on a finely-moulded face. I shall be very happy, Josie, with that plain, little face of yours, that is the *sweetest* face on the round globe to me."

"But if you—if I—that is, if any one should make that ugly jealousy get into my heart, Dick—what then?"

"Then," said Richard, soberly, "you have only this to do; to open your heart before me with perfect frankness; it may be an effort to do so, under some circumstances; but, Josie, you must do it, if you would avoid the evil you fear. I know your proneness to jealousy; but if I give you no reason to be jealous of me, it is plain that you never can be jealous after an explanation."

That is the conversation we had, as nearly as I can recollect it; and I will say for Richard that up to———but no matter; I mean to make a clean breast of it, as a warning to everybody. Women are so easily cheated!

If Dick had insisted upon it that I was pretty, I never should have had a moment's confidence in him. Ira Seeley did that when he was "paying attention" to me; and when I knew that he told a falsehood, could I ever believe him again?

"My dear Miss Josie," Ira Seeley said, "how can you do yourself such injustice? Plain! It is preposterous! You are the most beautiful woman in Rosslyn, let others say what they will."

"Mr. Seeley," said I, "after this conversation, it is impossible that our present relations should exist longer. I mean no offence; I only wish to be frank with you; I am your friend and well-wisher, but your visits to me must cease after to-day."

That was before I knew Richard Herkness at all, you understand.

Richard's company was all raised, and the regiment was about to go in camp, at the time of our marriage. We had spent one blissful week together, when they marched away. He was Captain of Company D, you know, and he said D stood for Deathless Devotion, and more than that, it stood for Dick.

"But it stands for Danger, too," said silly little I.

"Yes," said he, "for Danger Disarmed, and Duty Done, and Don't be Down-hearted, Darling."

I was proud of him, I assure you, when I saw him at the head of his company, and though there were many noble-looking fellows under him, there was not one that could compare with my husband, with his tall, shapely figure, his broad shoulders, his curly, brown hair and splendid beard, and his honest, blue eyes. Could such true, blue eyes as those deceive me? I would never believe it.

Richard was never much of a letter-writer. He was an excellent business manager, and a successful one, too—which does not always follow, you know. And everybody knows—at least everybody in Rosslyn does—that he made a brave and capable officer; but he never had any remarkable facility in expressing himself on paper. Ira Seeley, who hasn't half his brain, can write much better letters than Dick. But as for me, I was always fond of penning my thoughts and experiences. So I wrote long and frequent letters to Dick in the army; and he wrote me the shortest little answers with nothing in them, but to me they were everything. It was provoking, too, sometimes, to see how he neglected to say anything about himself, his doings, his adventures, &c. He never even told me about the bullet he had got in his side, and I knew nothing about it till some time after he was quite well again. And this peculiarity in him may be taken to account for his not mentioning his Southern "lady-love" to me.

Ira Seeley had just been made an M. D., a few months before Dick's regiment left Rosslyn, and he succeeded in getting appointed assistant surgeon in the regiment. But after it had been absent a year, Dr. Ira Seeley was sent home in disgrace, for I never inquired what special reason; and he resumed the practice of his profession in Rosslyn.

Now it had happened one day before the regiment went away, that Aunt Julia had experienced one of her fearful neuralgic attacks, and Dr. Church, our old physician, being out of town, Ira Seeley was called in. Auntie was in excruciating pain, and whether it was due to his skill or to the course of Nature, I know not, but on that occasion his visit and prescription were followed by auntie's experiencing immediate relief. It was but natural, after that, that she should have great faith in Dr. Seeley.

"I don't like the man, Josie," she said to me one day; "but you can't always sit in judgment on the personal character of the man who cures your ills."

Auntie had just such another attack soon after Dr. Seeley's return from the army, and of course she sent for him at once. Somehow, though, he had not his former success on the present occasion, and Auntie lingered along for weeks under his care. Of course he came in frequent contact with me under these circumstances. He improved his opportunities by talking about Richard. Well, I was always ready to hear about Richard, of course; and hence we had frequent chats together. One day he remarked, in the course of conversation—

"Yes, Captain Dick is very popular with the boys; but not so popular as he is with the girls, of course. Dick was always a great favorite with the ladies."

"But there are no ladies to trouble him where he is now," I said, with satisfaction in my tone that he observed at once, and understood.

"That's a common mistake with the wives at home," said he, quickly; "there's plenty of pretty girls at every village in the South, I can tell you—and Dick knows it well enough."

"Do you mean to tell me, Dr. Seeley—" I spoke up pretty sharply, for me; and then I could almost have bitten my tongue off with vexation. I said no more, but left the question incomplete, and left the room, with a cool bow to him.

He went away then. But day after day he continued to touch on the sore spot that he imagined he had discovered in me. I can't tell *how* he gradually worked me into the fever of jealousy that he did. I should have avoided the evil, perhaps, if I had written to Richard plainly in the first place—but the whole matter seemed to me so contemptible, that I scorned to write him about it. And yet—I think some writer once called woman a puzzle, did he not? At least I know a woman that puzzles me a good deal at times; and her name is Josie Herkness, *nee* Hoffard.

One day I found myself listening to this, from Ira Seeley:

"My dear Mrs. Herkness, I regret that I should ever have touched upon this painful subject. Believe me, I little thought an idle word would have been so productive of—of feeling: I perceive that I rest under your displeasure, as it were; and in these circumstances it becomes my duty to exhibit to you some *proof* of the truth of what I have permitted myself to say, most reluctantly, concerning your husband."

"Proof?"

"Yes, ma'am. I think I can produce convincing proof. To-morrow I will endeavor to lay it before you."

The hateful old wretch! Why should he torture me in this way from day to day? What did I care for his odious proof? I could think of nothing else all day long. At night I dreamed—oh, such a horrible dream—I shudder as I remember it.

He came with his hateful proof. It was in the shape of a letter—which I read with bated breath. It said:

DEAR CAPTAIN DICK:—When I saw you last, I little thought it would be my fate to know of your departure from our town, without being able to see you again. This smoking-cap, which I have made for you with my own hands I intended to have given you in person, but I have not been so well as usual for a few days, and father will not permit me to go and see you. Brother George will give it you, with my love. He will tell you how much I have talked about you since I have been sick. I hope your wound will be well enough, so that you can come and see Lillie *once* more before you go away. I thank you so much for your portrait, and I have it on my pillow. I am proud of it. You have just such curly hair as my brother Ben had, who died twelve years ago, when I was only

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY.

SPLENDID ARRAY OF CONTRIBUTORS.

UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE.

MRS. BELLA Z. SPENCER having purchased an interest in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and Mr. EDMUND DEACON having retired from the paper, THE POST passes into the management of a NEW FIRM, who are determined to infuse FRESH LIFE, TALENT and ENERGY into its columns. The popular novelist,

EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "THE REFUGEES," "CLARA MORELAND," &c., &c.

has been engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor, and will

WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mr. Bennett will begin a continued story in the first number of the New Year. It will be called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST;

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

This story will run through from twelve to fifteen numbers, and be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that romantic region which was generally called by the pioneers of civilization, "the dark and bloody ground."

THE POST will be edited by Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, who will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

GENEVIEVE HOWE.

Our columns will be further supplied with original contributions by the following

SPLENDID LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS:

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Author of "Thanatopsis" and other Poems.
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No. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors inserting the above, or condensing the material portions of it for their columns, shall be entitled to an exchange by mailing us a marked copy.

eight years old. I send you my portrait in return. I think the smoking-cap will fit. It is according to the measure I took of your head that day when you held me on your lap. You did not know what that bit of red tape meant, then, did you, Captain Dick? Wear it when you "smoke and dream," and think sometimes of the giver. Your little friend,

LILLIE CASS.

"Dr. Seeley," was the first question I asked, after reading it through, "how do you happen to have this letter in your possession, if it was written to my husband?"

"The simplest explanation, my dear Mrs. Herkness. When Captain Dick got that ball in his side, you know, he lay under my care for over a week, and one day as I was doing up some packages of medicine, I was short of paper, and asked him if he had any old letter or anything that I could use. He replied that there were some letters, of no use to him now, in the pocket of his coat, that hung near by. I took them and used them. It so happened that those packages I brought home with me, and I recently overhauled them. I found that this was around one of them; another was one of your own letters to him; and still another was an answer which he had written to this Miss Cass, but did not send, because, as I learned, he went in *person* to return her his thanks. That answer, I have the melancholy pleasure of presenting to you."

I took it and read it. It was Dick's well-known hand-writing.

DEAR LILLIE:—Greatly obliged for your kind favor, which I shall long preserve for the giver's sake. Accept my warmest thanks, and assurances that I shall never forget your dear little face as long as I live. Hope sometimes to see you once more. Yours truly,

RICHARD HERKNESS.

Was ever woman more fully authorized in entertaining jealousy than was I, after reading these affectionate missives? Is it strange that there came into my eyes that light which I do believe is the ugliest light in the world—which provokes to murder, to every wrong, to all possible cruelties?

I felt the blood recede from my face as I read, and I dropped my hand upon my lap, clenching that hateful paper in my darling Dick's own writing, and bowed my head and closed my eyes, while my lip quivered uncontrollably. At the same time, I hated myself for the imp that had got into my heart; and I hated Ira Seeley worse than I did myself a good deal.

"My dear Mrs. Herkness," I heard him commence in his whining tone, "don't allow yourself to give way to your feelings. You have a friend *here*—a true friend, whose pride it will ever be to serve you."

He leaned over me and took my hand.

I think I snatched it from his clammy touch about as quickly as I ever did anything in my life.

"Dr. Seeley," I said, "my husband's enemy cannot be my friend. It does not matter who this woman is, nor what Dick has done. He is my husband. I shall send these letters to him, and have his explanation."

It was now his turn to pale. But I spent no time in observing his sensations. I retired to my chamber, and— Well, I may as well confess that the *first* thing that I did was to wash the hand that he had touched.

And then I sat down to consider the case of this Mr. Richard Herkness, who was spending his precious time in flirting with black-eyed Southern maidens, forgetting—forgetting—And then I began to cry.

That passed over, after a little, and I again returned to the solemn duty in hand.

"Oh, Lillie Cass," I cried, "whoever you are, you little know what pain you have made for one poor heart! For I give you the credit of believing that you are ignorant that this handsome captain has a wife who worships him."

The more I read the letter the better I was satisfied she was a pure-hearted girl—there was such a savor of innocence about it—it was so sweet and childlike. Why, perhaps it is only some little girl, after all! The blood rushed to my face in a glad current at this thought. This would account for her sitting on his lap, putting her little hands about his dear curly head to measure it, making him a smoking-cap, sending her portrait to him and receiving his in return, begging him to come and see her *once* more. Why, then if it is a little girl— But oh, dear, oh, dear, just look at this: "Brother Ben," "who died twelve years ago, when I was only eight years old." Then she is twenty now—exactly my own age. Ah, me!

As for the genuineness of the letters, there was not a loophole for a ray of hope in that direction. Their genuineness was unquestionable. The lady's letter was stamped and post-marked in the most crushingly, practical manner. Besides, Dick had an old habit of taking letters from his pocket when he was sitting smoking his cigar after dinner, and idly pricking the paper full of pin-holes; and this letter had been through that original process. His own little note, too, was written on the same kind of paper that he used in writing to me, with his monogram stamped on it—R. H. interwoven in the most graceful manner—the prettiest monogram I ever saw. And if any one could be deceived in Richard's handwriting, it was not I—no, no—the deftest forger that ever existed could not imitate the writing of *that* man, to deceive my sight, for I read his words always with my heart as well as with my eyes.

I wrote and tore up a dozen letters that day. I, who pride myself on my deftness with the pen, was completely nonplussed now. And as I am confessing my sins freely, I shall confess, also, that one of the letters I wrote was to Miss Lillie Cass herself. But I blushed deep for shame after I had written it; so gross a piece of ill-breeding as related to her—so disgraceful, too, to Richard and my trust in him. Nothing but this jealous imp that ruled me could have given birth to such an act. I tore *that* letter into very small bits indeed.

And at last my letter to Dick was written and despatched. It enclosed these two letters, stated how I got them, and only added, "Oh, Dick, dear, dear Dick, what *does* it mean?"

As soon as the letter had gone, I felt a remarkable degree of satisfaction and relief. I had done my duty. I had done the thing Dick told me to do, if ever such a case arose; and having done this, I felt that there was nothing else in the world for me to do. I had now only to *wait*, come joy or pain.

In due time I got my husband's reply. It enclosed a portrait of Lillie Cass, and if ever I kissed the senseless face of a photograph with all my heart and soul, it was the face of that same poor, invalid little boy that looked out at me with sinless eyes, till tears of mingled shame and gladness filled my own.

And this was Lillie Cass! A poor little fellow leaning wearily upon a cane and a crutch—a man in years, but a child in stature, and in heart. The son of a wealthy planter, Dick wrote, he had been reared as the household pet, and shielded carefully from rude contact with the world. His mother had sought to amuse him by teaching him needlework, and day after day he would sit upon his bed making little gifts for those he loved. In his stronger seasons—which sometimes lasted for several days together—he was permitted to walk about the streets of the place, with a servant following at a respectful distance to watch over him. One day my husband met the little fellow in the street, and took him kindly by the hand, winning his innocent heart as he always wins to him the pure and good. His name was Willie, but to make it even more soft and petting, it had been changed to Lillie.

I sent for Dr. Ira Seeley the morning after the letter came. Auntie had dispensed with his services about the time of our last interview. He came, and when I entered the parlor, where he waited, advanced with both hands extended, and his great smooth-shaved sensual face wreathed with a disgusting smile, exclaiming,

"My *dear* Mrs. Herkness, this is an unexpected pleasure, truly."

"Please be seated, sir," I said, in a tone that froze all the warmth out of his moon face; and down he sat.

"I have received a letter from my husband," said I, "regarding the letters which you stole out of his pocket when he was sick. I hate you for that mean act."

"Madam!" he ejaculated, with a faint attempt at bluster, "how dare you? I will not remain to be thus—ah—calumniated."

"But I choose," said I, "that before you go, you should gaze on Miss Lillie Cass's portrait."

You should have seen the stare with which he greeted it.

"That is Miss Lillie Cass," said I. "I have only to add, that I do this act of penance—to tell you that I am ashamed, utterly ashamed, at my conduct under your skillful management, and to say that in future I prefer that we should be entire strangers to each other."

Thus came down the good stick of that ugly rocket.

A March Upon Snow-Shoes.

In the winter of 1812, the preparations made by the United States for an attack on the Canadian frontier, induced the military authorities to direct a regiment to be forwarded from New Brunswick to Quebec without delay. The distance to be thus traversed exceeded five hundred miles; an intimation of the intended move having been given some time previously, the garrison of New Brunswick had been assiduously exercised in marching and manœuvring on snow-shoes. The corps selected for this purpose was the old 104th, which was disbanded a few years after. It had originally been raised in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and was composed almost entirely of natives of the British North American colonies, a station from which it had never been removed. The effort thus made was then a novelty in the annals of British arms, and it still remains unique, having never been repeated since. In 1838, indeed, it is true, two regiments, the 43d, and subsequently, the 85th, were sent from St. John's, New Brunswick, to Quebec, by the same route; but in those cases the men were carried on sleighs, a certain number of which were attached to each company, and thus the chief difficulty of the undertaking was avoided altogether.

In the following pages we purpose giving an account of the march of the 104th, by extracts, verbatim, from the notes of one of the officers, whose journal is now in the possession of the writer of the present article. In order, however, to give our readers a correct idea of the difficulties of the march, it will be desirable, in the first instance, to describe the snow-shoes and some other requisites for such a journey. Of snow-shoes there are several kinds, but those supplied to the 104th appear to have been the most commonly used sort, resembling a racket in shape, and about three feet long by fifteen inches wide, made of the tough and elastic wood of the hickory—the network to support the foot being strongly interlaced thongs of the dressed hide of the caribou deer or moose, often erroneously called the elk. These thongs, when properly dressed, never absorb moisture, but continue elastic—a very great point, as any decrease of elasticity produces much additional fatigue to the wearer. There are two light cross-pieces to connect the framework; and at about nine inches from the front, and in rear of the first cross-piece, is an aperture to allow play for the toes, a leather strap being passed over it, to prevent the toes slipping—the foot at the same time being firmly bound with a long roll of list, passed over the toes and round the heel. These shoes, when dry, weigh about a pound and a half; when soaked with wet, full half a pound heavier; the cost, at the time of which we write, being about sixteen shillings currency per pair. The strain caused by lifting the snow-shoe, especially if heavy with moisture, causes an intolerable pain in the Tendon Achilles, known by the Canadians as *le mal de raquette*, which, with beginners, necessitates frequent halts.

The moccasin or slipper to be worn with the snow-shoe is also an article of consequence, for unless it be well prepared, it becomes speedily saturated with wet snow. It should fit easily over two or three pair of woollen socks, so as to keep the feet warm and soft. The best material is the skin of the moose, or buffalo-hide or ox-hide well tanned and soaked in brine for twenty-four hours; when half dry, soaked in train oil for several days, until completely saturated, and then gradually dried at a distance from the fire: prepared in this way, they last a long time without imbibing wet.

The next article of importance for the track is the *tobogin*, or Indian sledge, for carrying baggage and provisions. This is a light sledge, formed of hickory or ash planks, scarcely a quarter of an inch thick, about six feet long, and one foot wide, so as to run in the track of a snow-shoe. The end of the tobogin is turned up like the fingers of a hand half shut, in order to throw off the snow; and attached to it on each side are two small sticks, which form the sides of the vehicle, and prevent articles from falling off. A man can draw one of these tobogins with a hundred weight on it far more easily than carry a knapsack. Having made these few preliminary observations, we will let the officer speak for himself.

"On one occasion, previous to our march, our worthy Governor, General Smyth, who was drilling us, in his anxiety to correct some mistake, forgot that he was on snow-shoes, and moving too hastily, tripped, and suddenly vanished under three or four feet of snow. The snow being very light, instantly covered him, and the place was only marked by an indentation in the snow. Several of us ran to his assistance; but our determined chief joined in the laugh against himself, and would allow no one to assist him. He had been long in the country before, and the neatness and dexterity with which he extricated himself turned the accident, ludicrous, as it was, into a useful lesson. Untying one of his snow-shoes, he placed it flat on the snow, raised himself by resting his elbow on it, then knelt upon it awhile, and tied it on again, and once more regained the surface.

"The winter was very severe; more snow had fallen than during the nine preceding years. On the 5th of February, the day on which the order for our march was published, the thermometer stood at seventeen degrees below zero.

"Every arrangement having been completed on the 16th of February, 1813, the head-quarters and the grenadier company, with which I was, started. It was arranged that a battalion company should follow each day, and the light company, as rear-guard, start last on the following Sunday.

"As we left Fredericton our key-bugles struck up the lively notes of the *Girl I Left Behind Me*. We presented, I fear, a very unmilitary aspect. The men in their winter clothing, consisting of flannel overcoats, fur caps, and fur mits, were divided into squads. Each squad marched in Indian file (of course on snow-shoes,) followed by its tobogin, the knapsacks, arms, and provisions being fastened on the latter. The provisions were somewhat scanty, consisting of one biscuit and three-quarters of a pound of salt pork per man per diem. A small allowance of tea or portable soup in lieu of the pork would have been a great improvement. It had originally been intended to send parties of Indians in front to construct the wigwams for our night's rest, at the end of each fifteen miles; this, however, was not done.

"The first seven days being through well-settled country, were comparatively easy marching, although the snow was deep, but on the 29th our troubles began. This day we had to hut ourselves, for the barns we had hitherto found were to be met with no longer. The march had been very fatiguing, the snow falling thickly, and we had often lost our track. Carelessness sometimes caused a man to fall into the deep snow, an accident which of course delayed all in the rear of him for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, until he could be extricated from his cold bath. The inconvenience of these delays were found to be so great, that it was determined to march on and leave the unlucky wight to scramble out as well as he could, a by no means easy matter. This resolution made all very careful to avoid accidents. In order to relieve the men, each officer and man took his place in turn to break the road, by marching as leader for ten or fifteen minutes, then stepping a pace aside, and letting the squad pass him, he would throw off his snow-shoes, and march on the hard snow-path in rear. It will be seen that by this arrangement the first pair of snow-shoes had to break the path, the second improved it, each successive pair did likewise, till the tobogin in rear travelled over a tolerably firm track. We generally marched along the river bank, constructing our huts in the woods, on the windward side. The men's hands were often so cold after the march that they could scarcely work; they were divided into squads; the axemen felled the young pine trees for rafters, the branches for which were cut off; others cut fire-wood, while others, again, cleared a space for the encampment; this was effected by taking off our snow-shoes, and using them as shovels to clear a space for each hut; the snow thus excavated being thrown up around, bankwise. The hut was then constructed in the centre, with the larger branches arranged conically, or in a wedge-shape, and thatched with the smaller ones; the residue of the latter formed a soft and fragrant bed. A small aperture was left for a chimney, and a very small one, closed with a blanket, for a door.

"I may here say that it is impossible for those who have not experienced it to imagine the extreme frigidity of a temperature often ranging from eighteen to twenty-seven degrees below zero; that is, fifty to fifty-nine degrees below freezing-point. We were generally, esquimaux fashion, half stifled with smoke; but in a measure the smoke itself warmed the atmosphere of the hut; and to sleep without a fire in such a temperature would have proved the sleep of death.

"On March the 1st we reached the grand falls of the river St. John, about one hundred and fifty miles from Fredericton. These falls in summer are about eighty-four feet high, and nine hundred feet wide, but they were now much contracted by the ice which surrounded them. The spray had frozen, and formed a fantastic arch, in which all the various forms which the frost gives to falling water were blended. The banks on either side formed the glass-like buttresses of the arch; while the surrounding trees, wreathed with frost, and the play of the prismatic colors as the sun shone brightly over the whole scene, suggested the idea of an enchanted palace of glass. This spot was the last frontier post of New Brunswick; and on the following day, Wednesday, we reached Larouciers, in the Madawaska settlement, where we first heard spoken the French patois of Lower Canada. We were received with the greatest kindness by these simple-hearted people, who, on the following day, mounted the whole of us on sleighs, and drove us a distance of twenty-one miles to the next settlement, a performance which greatly delighted our men, who vowed it was the best "march" they had ever made.

"On the 4th, the cold was rapidly increasing, and an incessant snow-storm filled the tracks so rapidly, that it made the dragging of the tobogins very laborious, especially as we had frequently to make a wide detour, to avoid the numerous rapids and the dense brushwood on the river's bank. When we got to the end of our day's march, the men's hands were so cold that they could scarcely use the axe, and it was dark before we commenced cooking, if attempts to toast pieces of salt pork on the end of a stick could be dignified by that term. On the morning of the 5th, the glass was twenty-seven degrees below zero, and a stiff nor'-wester blowing in our teeth. The intensity of the cold was indeed indescribable. The captain of our company, however, anticipated its effect, and with a few men pushed on to prepare the fires for our reception. About mid-day, turning a bend of the river, I was surprised to find that the head of the company had stopped, causing the centre and rear to halt as they came up; knowing the dangerous results that might ensue from a prolonged halt, I hastened through the deep snow to the front. As I passed along, I noticed every man appeared to be frost-bitten on the cheeks or nose, and was occupied in rubbing those parts with snow. Having laid one poor fellow, whose body was frost-bitten, on a tobogin, I urged the men on once more; and by changing our leading file every four or five minutes, we at last reached the huts, ninety men out of one hundred and five having been more or less frost-bitten.

"Two days after, the wind having abated, we, together with another company which had joined us, crossed the lake. The marching this day was very different from what we had yet experienced. The sun having begun to thaw the surface of the snow in the daytime, it was at night frozen into a thin layer of ice, sufficient to bear a light person without snow-shoes. Many of the heavier ones, however, fell through, sinking through the substratum of snow, until arrested by the solid ice of the surface of the lake. In a small habitation, at the end of this day's march, we had to leave the poor fellow I have already spoken of as having been severely frost-bitten: he was a horrible spectacle, literally a mass of ulcers. The woodsmen, however, undertook to cure him with herbs and simples; and he rejoined in six weeks after, perfectly sound, at Kingston. The next day's march was through a mountainous country, known as the 'Grand Portage.' This march was a most fatiguing one, as parts of the pine forest had been cleared, and the soft snow lay many feet deep in them. After our frugal meal of biscuit and pork, we were as usual sitting round the fire in my hut, when it caught fire, the wind having too effectually dried the pine-thatch. I and another brother officer managed to creep out unscathed; but it occupied us some time in snow-balling the fire, to prevent its spreading, and more than one of the officers and men got frost-bitten in the operation. Next day we reached St. Andrews, where we first saw the magnificent St. Lawrence, here eighteen miles wide, stretched before us. Comfortable billets were provided for us, no mean luxuries, after having neither washed nor undressed for seventeen days. The last seven days of our march were along a well-beaten snow road; and on the 25th, being the twenty-fourth day of our march, we entered Quebec."

It is fair to add, that this march of nearly six hundred men, for a distance exceeding five hundred miles, was unaccompanied by irregularities of any description, and that no casualties except those above narrated occurred.

☞ An ingenious rogue, by the name of Joseph Flick, who places his residence at North River street, Newark, has been detected by an officer at Elizabeth N. J., in selling some base metal for gold. The metal was put up in bars like those in bullion offices, and a Mr. Babel, of Rahway, was taken in. The bars, which were represented to be worth about $2 000, were sold for $300. The rogue made his sales by duping his customers into the belief that the dust which he pretended to file off a bar was really a specimen of the bar, while, in reality, it was sifted from the handle of the file. He was lodged in jail.

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MARRIAGES.

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On the 31st of Oct., by the Rev. Wm. H. Furness, D. D., JOHN F. LANNING to FANNIE S., daughter of Thos. Beach, both of this city.

On the 17th of Oct., by the Rev. J. H. Alday, Mr. JOSEPH C. HARVEY to Miss MARY E. VANNETTER, both of this city.

On the 26th of Oct., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. WILLIAM WETHERBY to Miss SUSAN L. WELCH, both of this city.

On the 24th of Oct., by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, Mr. ALFRED S. PATTON to Miss ANNIE A. SILBERTTER, both of this city.

On the 26th of Oct., by the Rev. D. W. Bartine, Mr. WILLIAM H. BROWN to Miss LIZZIE R. ADAMS, both of this city.

On the 23d of Oct., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. JOSEPH R. MATTHIAS to Miss ELIZABETH K. MILEY, both of this city.

On the 31st of Oct., by the Rev. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, GEORGE D. BUCKLEY to ANNIE BROOKS, daughter of Wm. R. White.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 31st of Oct., ANDREW D. DAVIS, in his 31st year.

On the 30th of Oct., DAVID NICE, Sr., aged 66 years.

On the 30th of Oct., Mrs. PRUDENCE, wife of Geo. L. Scott, in her 30th year.

On the 30th of Oct., PETER JOHNSON, in his 28th year.

On the 29th of Oct., J. BARCLAY HARDING, in his 35th year.

On the 29th of Oct., HENRY DEWEES, in his 60th year.

On the 29th of Oct., Mrs. ELIZA MILLNER, in her 60th year.

On the 28th of Oct. JOSEPH W. DAVIS, in his 59th year.

On the 28th of Oct., Mrs. ELLEN COLLINS, in her 34th year.

On the 28th of Oct., ELIZABETH N., wife of the late Joe. Jenkins, aged 45 years.

On the 27th of Oct., GEORGE HART, in his 54th year.

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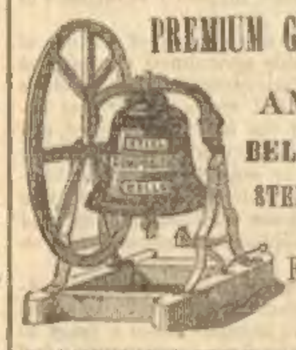

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WIT AND HUMOR.

No Innovations!

A good old Dutchman of our state was in the habit of sending his son "Hans" to the mill every Saturday afternoon with a bag of grain. This was slung across the back of old Rawbones, a sorrel and sorry-looking horse; and in order to make the bag maintain its balance, a large stone was put in one end of the bag, while the grain was pendant in the other. One day Hans had the task of getting the corn ready for mill, and by chance forgetting the stone, as he seized the bag the inclosed grain parted, and he found the load equally balanced on the back of Rawbones. Turning, he spied the stone, and examining the burden discovered that the load went quite as well without it as with. In joy at his great discovery, Hans yelled at the old man, who was in the corn-house—

"Fader! fader come 'ere!"

"Vot's you want, Hans?" said the old farmer, coming out.

"Looks here, fader! I've kot ter corn palanced in ter bag mitout ter sthone in one end!"

The old gentleman looked at Hans's strange innovation, and in a voice choked with wrath at the presumption of the youth, said—

"Dake tat off! dake it off, an' but dat sthone in ter pag, like it was pefore! Yours grandfader went to mill mit a sthone in ter pag ter balance it, and your old fader too, an' now you goes an' sets yourself up as you knows more dan both of 'am! I whips you. Hans, dake it off, an' but der sthone in ter pag!"

Hans did as directed, and with a monstrous pebble in one end of the bag, and the grain in the other, old Rawbones went on his journey, and the world moved on.

Sharp.

A comical fellow of our town, named Sayles, was one day in one of the stores, when a little boy came in selling grapes from a small basket. Sayles thought he would have a little fun, and began with:

"Boy, how much will you ask for what grapes I can eat?"

The little fellow eyed him as if to ascertain his alimentary capacity, and replied,

"A shillin'."

Sayles loved grapes, and they rapidly disappeared before him, till the basket was empty, and he called for more. The boy was astonished, but nevertheless supplied him with a few more clusters; when, with a wink at the bystanders, S. pronounced himself satisfied, and paid the shilling.

The next year it happened that Sayles met the same boy selling grapes at the same place, and recalling his former bargain, again accosted the boy with—

"Say, boy, what will you ask for what grapes I can eat this time?"

The boy, remembering quite as well, replied, abutting one eye slightly—

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Sayles, we've concluded that we can't afford to wholesale our grapes this year!"

A hearty laugh followed, and the crowd took a few clusters of grapes at Sayles's expense.

Smoking, as Usual.

An exchange tells this story:—

"While General Grant was making his trip to Montreal, it was currently reported at Manchester, N. H., that he would pass through that city, over the Concord Railroad. So the waggish ticket-master at that station informed a few friends, one morning, that General Grant was expected on the afternoon train. Accordingly at that time a large crowd assembled, and when the train came they were gratified with the sight of a large, new engine, bearing the name of our fortunate soldier. Among the victims of this misplaced curiosity was a jocose lawyer, familiarly known as 'Sam,' who had seen the general before, though we presume the general had never 'seen Sam.' This apostle of Blackstone saw the engine and the sell at the same time, and comprehending his situation at a glance, bolted incontinently for the street and his office. As he reached the former, he was asked by a knowing one, if he had seen the general.

"'Oh, yes,' said Sam, indifferently.

"'How did he appear?'

"'Smoking, as usual,' was the clever response.

Sick of a Fever.

A Wisconsin man, stopping at the Astor House, New York, tells the following:

On Sunday, being desirous of hearing several of the more famous pulpit orators of the metropolis, he went in the morning to Dr. Chapin's church, but heard a stranger preach from the text, "But Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." In the afternoon he went to Beecher's church, and heard the same discourse from the same preacher. Going in the evening to Dr. Osgood's church, he found the same clergyman, and the same theme—"Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." The next day the patient hearer of the thrice-told discourse was crossing to Brooklyn in a ferry-boat, when the alarm-bell in the Park agitated the air with its great shocks of sound, and a man behind him inquired why that bell was tolling. Looking up, he saw the now familiar face of the preacher, and was prompt to reply: "I think Simon's wife's mother must be dead; I heard three times yesterday that she was sick of a fever."

A Challenge.—A little fop, conceiving himself insulted by a gentleman, who ventured to give him some wholesome advice, strutted up to him with an air of importance, and said, "Sir, you are no gentleman! Here is my card—consider yourself challenged. Should I be from home when you honor me with a call, I shall leave word with a friend to settle all the preliminaries to your satisfaction." To which the other replied, "Sir, you are a fool! Here is my card—consider your *nose pulled*. And should I not be at home when you call on me, you will find I have left orders with my servant to show or kick you into the street for your impudence."

A Difficult Case.—A fellow, half seas over, and tacking on both sides of the way, yesterday inquired the direction to a certain street. "Keep straight ahead," was the reply.—"Straight!" exclaimed the fellow, just ready to go upon the other tack, "I can't go that."

A Fellow Feeling.—Johnson says he was one of a fishing-party, near Newport, and every time a shark was pulled in, a lawyer, who was in the boat, was thrown into convulsions. Whether this was from sympathy or not, Johnson can't say.

Wiggles thinks he'll change his club. He joined the "Reynolds" because he liked the society of artists; but, confound it! It's rather hard a fellow can't take a wink of sleep after dinner, without being put into a score of sketch-books.

The Art of Quarrelling.

Sensible husband: "How is it that we never quarrel, Mrs. Xantippe? Well, I will tell you. One person can't make a quarrel. Now, if I am in a quarrelsome humor, and break out, my wife remains cool and collected, and doesn't say a word. If my wife is peevish, and displays more temper than is becoming to one of her beautiful sex, I, her husband, remain as unmoved as the monument, or else cheat myself into the belief that I am listening for the moment to some heavenly song. *We only quarrel one at a time;* and it is astonishing, if you leave a quarrel alone, how very soon it dies out! That's our secret, madam; and I should advise you, and all Xantippes to follow it."

How to Cure Thieving.—"They have a singular way of punishing robbery in China," said a missionary, who had just returned from the Celestial Empire, to a number of friends who had called in to hear his account of things in that land of marvels. "Does it cure the offender of his unfortunate propensities?" eagerly inquired a "philanthropist," whose interest in human beings was in exact ratio with their villainousness. "Well," replied the missionary, "I never saw the punishment inflicted but once. I will tell you how it was done, and then you can judge for yourself as to its reclaiming and converting powers. They put the culprit in a large mortar, and *then fired him head foremost against a stone wall.*"

Overflowing Self-Love.—"How the deuce, my dear fellow, can I make a girl love *me*, who is constantly devoured by love of *herself*?" asked a young man of his friend. "Oh," replied the latter, "that is the easiest thing in the world; just minister to her self-love until it overflows; all that runs over will be yours."

☞ An acquaintance of ours, who is mildly insane, being asked what kind of wood he supposed the Freedman's Bureau was made of, replied, "Ebony," and then became a raving maniac.

RECEIPTS.

Original.

Pumpkin Pies.

Every new cook book, and on an average, every newspaper that has a column or so of domestic economy, make a practice of telling us twice a year how to make pumpkin pies. But notwithstanding all the telling, I have never yet discovered that pie made of pumpkins quite free from that raw, objectionable, indescribable flavor, a compound of mouse and musk taste that we don't quite fancy in a pie, until I found it in pumpkin pies that Mary and I began making three weeks ago, and have continued the practice since twice a week.

After experimenting with all sorts of pumpkins, California, Crookneck, Cuban, Boston, Peruvian, Hubbard, and the sweet potato pumpkins, our positive declaration is, that the old fashioned field variety that farmers usually plant among corn, when sound and well ripened, are better than any other sort for real genuine, good pumpkin pies.

Our perfected plan is to peal and cut the pumpkins pretty fine, then wash thoroughly in warm water, put the material into a strong linen or cotton bag, and *steam* it at high pressure two hours—never *boil* pumpkins for pies. After steaming sufficiently, place the pulp in a fine wire sieve and suffer it to drain two hours longer. Then rub it through the sieve into a pan of new, sweet milk, made sweeter by the addition of first class syrup until you think the pies will be sweet enough. The milk should be warmed, and salted and spiced just right, and if you have three or four eggs to spare, beat them up well and add them to the milk. The pie will certainly be improved by them. After rubbing in the pumpkin until you have a very thin batter, line pans an inch in depth with a short crust rolled thin, and fill the pans three-quarters full. Bake in a moderately hot oven an hour and a half, and if you discover the least twang of that objectionable raw, pumpkin taste about your pies, you may set it down for a certainty that there is something wrong about the pumpkins or your proceedings.

Sorrel Pastry.

Sister Mary's oldest olive branch, a bright, beautiful girl, nine years old, had been afflicted these five years with something seriously provoking, that three competent physicians had declared erysipelas, and with all their skill had failed to cure.

Now I had heard from Doctor C., in whom I have faith next to St. Matthew, that oxalic acid is a capital antiscorbutic. "Cosmo" assured me one day that sorrel contains that acid in abundance, and old A-di-wanti, a Cherokee "medicine," used to declare stoutly, "*Cogh!* Sorell kill *sipelas*—spose so."

So I gathered liberally of the broad leafed sorrel that I found growing luxuriantly down along the garden fence, and experimented. First, I poured boiling water over a double handful of the leaves and steeped them ten minutes. That cooked them tender. Then I beat up four tablespoonfuls of corn starch with four eggs and a pint of milk, sweetened it suitably, salted sufficiently, stirred in the cooked sorrel leaves, laid a nice thin crust in a dozen pastry plates, and filling them nearly full, baked half an hour. The second experiment was with a shortened raised crust, rolled out a quarter of an inch thick, covered all over with the green, fresh sorrel leaves sprinkled with sugar, then roll up as you would a roll of anything else, put into a bag, steamed an hour and a half, served hot and eaten with sweetened cream.

I am not going to swear that the preparations cured Mary junior of the erysipelas, but the eruptions entirely disappeared in less than a week, and up to this date have not been heard from. Brother-in-law Bill declares positively that the sorrel diet has cured him of a chronic diarrhœa that was incurable. Mary senior avers that the pudding and pastry effectually put to flight her everlasting nervous headache. Madeline and several others pronounced it a delicious preparation even for well people, and Master Johnny says he is going to catch the "Erie-sipples" so as to get more sorrel pie.

Hair Wash.

If you want perhaps the best preparation in this world for the hair, make it yourself. Grind in a coffee mill a pint of ripe, dry sunflower seeds; gather a double handful of green grape vine leaves, boil the seed flower and vine leaves an hour very moderately in a quart of clean rain water, strain the liquid, add salt until it will float an egg, and when cold bottle, keep corked, and wash the hair with it two or three times a week.

Madeline.

Selected.

Stewed Leg of Veal.—Select a good fat leg with a small portion of the fillet left on, crack it in two or three places, and wash it and lay it in a stew-pan. Slice two lemons very thinly and lay on it, a small blade of mace broken up finely, sprinkle a little salt, and a shake of pepper; on this pour just enough cold water to cover the leg, set in an oven, and cover the pan tightly. Let it cook slowly for four hours, and skim it occasionally, so as to be entirely free from scum or fat; if it becomes dry, add a very little cold water. When done, pour off any gravy in the pan, and rub a small spoonful of flour and half a spoonful of butter well together, and stir it into the gravy. Let it simmer, and just before dishing, add a wine-glass of good cooking wine. Pour some of the gravy over the leg, and serve the rest in a sauce-boat. This is nice sliced for tea, if any is left cold.

Tomato Stew.—Take eight pounds of the plate of beef, put it on to boil in a gallon of water, with a dozen of tomatoes, the same of okras, six potatoes cut small, two carrots cut lengthwise, two onions; season it to your taste with pepper and salt; let it stew slowly four hours; skim all the fat off the gravy, and garnish the meat with the potatoes and carrots.

Corn Fritters.—Grate six ears of corn; add one tablespoonful of flour, and two eggs; pepper and salt to your taste; to be fried like oysters.

Chicken Salad.—Take a pair of fowls, and either boil or roast them; when they are entirely cold remove all the skin and fat, and disjoint them; cut the meat from the bones into very small pieces, not exceeding an inch; wash and split two large heads of celery, and cut the white part into pieces also about an inch long, and having mixed the chicken and celery together, put them into a deep china dish; cover it and set it away. Just before the salad is to be eaten, the dressing should be put on, which is made thus: Take the yolks of eight hard-boiled eggs, put them into a flat dish, and mash them to a paste with the back of a spoon; add to the egg a small teaspoonful of fine salt, the same quantity of cayenne pepper, half a gill of made mustard, a wine-glass and a half of French vinegar, and rather more than two wine-glasses of sweet oil; then add the yolk of one raw egg well beaten, or a tablespoonful of cream; mix all these ingredients thoroughly, stirring them a long time, till they are quite smooth. After you pour it on the chicken and celery, mix the whole well together with a silver fork.

Rognon de Mouton a la Francaise.—The French have a faculty of making a dish *recherché* out of mere trifles, their receipt for serving up this little dish is no mean evidence of their peculiar skill. Take half a dozen fine mutton kidneys, clear them of fat and skin, and cut them into thin slices; powder them immediately with sweet herbs in fine powder, parsley which has been chopped, dried, and powdered, cayenne, and salt; put into a stew-pan two ounces of clarified butter, or fresh lard, if the former is not in reach, put in the slices of kidney, fry them, they will brown very quickly, they must be done on both sides, dredge flour over them, moisten with lemon juice, and in five minutes the kidneys will be done; lift them out into a very hot dish, around which are laid slices of bread fried; pour into the gravy two glasses of white wine, give it boil, pour it over the kidneys, and serve hot.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Agricultural Assurance.

That title don't seem to hit quite all the points we should like to cover. Suppose we add to it *Editorial Allegiance* as a secondary title, considering the publishing and editorial fraternity as the subjects, and the public at large as the sovereign. Taking the two heads conjointly, as a guide, perhaps we shall be able to cover tolerable clearly the whole premises under consideration. Let us see.

Within these three or four years past, there has sprung up a presumption among a large class of inventors, that as a rule, publishers and editors, everywhere, are, or ought to be, public servitors of private interests. Nowhere is this idea more prevalent than among agriculturists, and inventors, and manufacturers of agricultural and domestic implements. So progressive has been the idea, and to-day so prevalent, that as a rule, throughout the United States, manufacturers of agricultural implements of every description are the most niggardly advertisers in the country.

We rarely look over a number of any one of our standard, reliable agricultural papers, that we do not find in their correspondence inquiries as to who makes, and where this or that implement, of which the inquirer is in need, can be had. These inquiries don't speak well either for the liberality or sagacity of the manufacturer. Advertising their wares in these same journals would silence all such inquiries, and bring sales that would pay a handsome profit on the investment.

But the fact is, by far too many of these inventors and manufacturers, agriculturists, and horticulturists, have somehow taken a fancy to have their advertising done gratuitously. And frequently enough they succeed. Let us see.

A manufacturer or producer takes his wares, goods, and productions to a state or county fair to be seen, and sold of course. He is certain there will be several publishers and editors of public journals there, and expects every one of them to go into half-column ecstacies over some fruit, implement, or animal of his, simply because it is very nice, pretty, or will perhaps prove a desideratum to the community. In very many instances liberal, conscientious publishers and editors do it through a sense of duty to the public, and the exhibitor gets his advertising gratuitously.

A more objectionable feature of the same principle is the practice of laying an editor or publisher under an obligation that he can unshoulder in no other way but in *type*. A piece of policy very like that of the Irishman who throwe his "fip's" worth of cut-bait to catch a shoal of mackerel.

A fruit-grower for instance, has a hundred barrels of really superior apples, he is desirous of selling at best rates. He presents a peck, perhaps, of the finest fruit to a good-natured publisher or editor of a respectable paper. What is the man to do? He cannot say—"No, sir, I don't want them," or "what is the price? I will pay for them," or "take them away—I won't have them!" It is a free gift—a present. He cannot repudiate. He is subsidized—laid under an obligation, and he can't help himself. He bites into one of the apples for spite. It is delicious. He softens. Another bite; he is thawed. He lays hold of his pen; the result is a thirty line, special notice—that he would have charged at least twenty-five cents a line for—$7.50. Sells that hundred barrels of apples for his friend, and pays him at the same time $7.50 for a peck of fruit that in market would bring seventy-five cents.

We have been watching with some interest and considerable amusement, the development of these assurance advertising policies. In June last, the inventor of an agricultural implement—and a very good thing it is too—the retail price of which is four dollars—presented one of them to the publisher and editor of a respectable newspaper having a very fair circulation, and since the date of the presentation we have counted six editorial notices of that very implement, averaging eighteen lines each, which, at the advertising rates of the paper, would amount to even $26. That is what we call "agricultural assurance," and editorial *serfdom*.

Now if a person publishing or having the conduct in charge of a public journal, shall become clearly convinced that an invention or production is calculated to really benefit the public, it becomes not only his duty, but best policy to recommend it as strongly and frequently as he can consistently. The patrons of the paper, purchasing articles thus editorially advertised, and finding them all that they are represented, and ought to be, very naturally and justly say:

"That's the man and journal for my money. When I see a thing that I want editorially recommended there, I have a warrant that it is no humbug—I shall buy it. And I shall buy the paper too, just so long as it and I live."

The truth is, that if any invention, or production is really worthy of public favor, it will always pay to advertise it legitimately, and extensively. The wider, the better. Why should the inventor, the manufacturer, or producer expect the publisher of a public journal to advertise for them gratuitously, any more than the publisher should look for the butcher and baker to feed, or the tailor to clothe him for nothing? What justice is there in such a claim? Are publishers' materials—paper, type, presses, ink, and the fifty-and-one minor accessories of a newspaper establishment, to be had for the best song ever warbled? Do compositors expend their labor, and editors their brains, for mere amusement, think you?

Nonsense. If you believe a publisher can serve you, bargain with him legitimately, and pay him for services rendered fairly, as he does for his necessities. Don't try to bribe and subsidize. It is downright insult and impudence.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 74 letters.
My 67, 36, 45, 7, 47, 56, 10, 33, is a day of the week.
My 18, 3, 65, 57, 8, 71, 54, is a military title.
My 19, 60, 73, 26, 62, 34, 44, 69, 51, 29, 16, 5, is a large eastern city.
My 23, 12, 66, 72, 4, 68, 58, 13, 55, 39, 27, 74, is one of the middle states.
My 2, 35, 40, 70, 64, 15, is a place we all hope to reach.
My 14, 28, 64, 59, 52, 62, 41, 1, is an animal.
My 47, 61, 37, 60, 5, 3, 31, is a boy's name.
My 11, 40, 37, 29, 22, is a sailing vessel.
My 63, 24, 69, 43, 53, 6, is found in churches.
My 38, 47, 10, 50, 18, 30, is a southern fruit.
My 37, 20, 45, 6, 49, 17, is a product of the South.
My 25, 46, 28, 48, 53, 46, is a girl's name.
My 32, 30, 9, 21, 45, 64, 40, 42, is an article of furniture.
My whole is what no family should be without.

NETTIE.

Covington, Ky.

Enigma.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 3, 10, 4, 7, is a useful article.
My 4, 10, 8, 12, is a short club.
My 6, 5, 1, 12, is a part of the body.
My 7, 10, 3, 4, is a kind of tree.
My 7, 11, 10, 3, 4, is a sacred song.
My 8, 3, 2, 4, is a tree.
My 9, 2, 4, is an article of food.
My whole is the name of a distinguished statesman.

S. H. G.

Riddle.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 5 letters.
Entire, I am a part of the human body.
Cut off my tail and I will show
What old-time women used to do.
Cut off my head and an instrument behold
By mammas used on their one-year old.
Again behead me, girl or boy,
And travellers hail me oft with joy.

LEW. SING.

Double Rebus.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A town in Canada East.
A town in Spain.
An Israelite.
A river in Siberia.
A town in France.
A town in Scotland.
A volcano in Sicily.
A colony in Africa.
A kind of fish.
A gulf in Russia.
Part of a circle.
A river in France.

The initials and finals form the rank and name of a distinguished Indiana officer in the Federal army.

EVA.

Double Rebus.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A narrow strip of land.
A body of soldiers.
An empire in Europe.
A cluster of islands in the Mediterranean Sea.
A town in the state of Virginia.

My initials and finals form two kingdoms in the south of Europe.

Venango Co., Pa. Mrs. M. W.

Mathematical Problem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Suppose a grindstone, 2 inches thick at the outer edge, 10 inches thick at the centre, and 60 inches in diameter, (perpendicularly from the centre to the outer edge.) It is desired to cut a hole 8 inches square through the centre of this stone to put in a crank shaft. Required the number of cubic inches that will be cut out.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A triangular plate of iron whose sides are 20, 28 and 39 inches, is to be supported on the point of an upright spindle. At what distance from the angular points of the plate must the spindle be applied, so that the plate may rest in a horizontal position? GILL BATES.

☞ An answer is requested

Conundrums.

☞ Why is love like a duck's foot? Ans.—Because it often lies hidden under the breast.

☞ What fruit does a newly-married couple most resemble? Ans.—A green pear.

☞ It has been asked when rain falls does it ever get up again? Ans.—Of course it does, in *due* (dew) time.

☞ By our Cockney clown.—Why is iron-rust like a side of leather? Ans.—Because it is an ox 'ide.

Answers to Last.

SCIENTIFIC ENIGMA—Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights. ENIGMA—Emily. CHARADE—Paper, (pa, per, ape, pea, pear, reap, rape.) CHARADE—Window, (wind, oh!) CHARADE—Palm, (lamp, map, palm, are, ma, a.) DOUBLE REBUS—Georgia, Florida, (Gaff, Ell, Ontario, Ruyter, Garibaldi, Iceland, Asia.) DOUBLE REBUS—Elbe, Oder, (Edisto, Lund, Berne, Edgar.)

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's Problem, published Sept. 2d—35, 61, and 94.—Morgan Stevens.

To Chal's, Aug. 26—7238.2464 sq. ft.

To Delta's, Sept. 9th—Amelia received $1,184; Clarissa, $1,296; Esther, $1,495; Georgiana, $1,660; Belinda, $1,296; Diana, $1,464; Francisca, $1,588.—S. S. Knox.

To Our Correspondents.

We have now over one hundred unpublished Problems, which at two a week, will supply us for a year. Enigmas, Charades, Riddles, and Conundrums we are not burdened with. Cannot you turn your attention to these, instead of the arithmetical department?—Ed. Riddler.